

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SIX YEARS IN 10,000 VILLAGES See Below

ARTHUR MEE'S SIX-YEAR PLAN

New Domesday Book
of the Nation

EVERYTHING TO SEE IN ENGLAND

A REMARKABLE event has been going on quietly and unguessed at for six years in our countryside.

There has been nothing like it before; it is the first census of the ancient and beautiful possessions of England since the motor-car came to make it possible. It has been made to give the readers of the C.N. a complete Book of the Nation.

Among the great procession for ever passing in our countryside, often enough going on and on not realising the wonder it has seen, has been a small company with one purpose—to see it and understand it all, to put it down, and to make a record of it for all time. The record they have made is, we believe, the most complete picture of a country ever presented to any people.

Every Interesting Place

It is a book of every town and city, every great and visitable place, and of ten thousand villages. It takes us to them and shows us what is in them. It opens ten thousand doors for us in the richest countryside on earth. It is a collection of ten thousand cameos making up the great English mosaic.

When this book is made available for us all we shall know why England has become the wonder of the earth and is the magnet of the world.

A work so vast in its conception, so comprehensive in its execution, must be slow in its completion, but the first volumes are being prepared for this autumn and next spring, the King's England for the King's Year.

Great Sights and Stories

There has never been such an exploration of a country before, never such a book of journeys. It will inform you and entertain you wherever you go. It will tell you what there is to see and all about it. It is the indispensable companion of the Motor Age. Here is every place you pass in the car, everything you stop to see. Every signpost points you to its wonders. Every ride brings you to the scene of its stories, and these tales of our English days are more thrilling than any tales of Arabian nights.

The publishers challenge comparison with any book existing for the contents of The

Autumn On the Sands



Two friends well protected against chilly winds at Cliftonville

King's England, for its immense number of surprising things, and for its fascinating stories.

Here are all the great and little sights of England, her thrilling stories of mystery and discovery and adventure and achievement, the men and women who have made her famous throughout the world. Here in their villages are our famous people; we meet them where they were born, or where they lie, or where their work was done. We may see Sir Isaac Newton in his village home, Shakespeare in his own Warwickshire, Tennyson at his brook, Wordsworth among his daffodils, Stephen Gray thinking out the Electric Age in the old rectory, Florence Nightingale walking home alone down a country lane while all England waited for her.

All the world has heard of the Conqueror's Domesday Book, and this is its successor. The first two volumes are ready on C.N. day next week, and

should be ordered now. Both are published by Hodder and Stoughton:

Enchanted Land (7s 6d) telling the story of this exploring of England and its ten thousand villages; and

The Book of Kent (10s 6d), which does for Kent what no other book has ever done for any English county.

For C.N. readers, who love their country and its old and beautiful possessions, these books will be a treasure. They are the best books the Editor has written and are full of wonder and surprise.

HOW JAPAN WORKS

In the year 1932 Japanese textile imports into Panama were only 11 per cent of the whole. In 1935 they rose to nearly 60 per cent.

Our consul calls the Japanese progress sensational. Taking all sorts of imports, Panama now takes from Japan nearly twice as much as from Great Britain.

Painting Competition
With Many Prizes

See back page

HOW THE SCOUTS DID IT

Reforming a Reformatory

AWAY WITH GUARDS AND FLOGGINGS

Twelve years ago there was in India a certain big reformatory institution for boys where armed guards kept order with the threat of rifles and discipline was only maintained by public floggings.

Today there is not an armed guard in all the reformatory, and no boy is flogged in private, let alone before the others. Some of the boys may even be seen leaving to visit their homes, and returning at the time they had promised to return.

All these changes for the good have been brought about since a Scout Troop was formed in the institution.

Persuading the Authorities

When the idea was first suggested by a Scouter visiting the reformatory the armed guards were pointed out to him, and he was told that the idea of letting the boys get together for Scout purposes might lead to riots. The visitor, however, managed to persuade the Authorities to let him come once a week and teach the boys a few Scouting games. It was not long before they invited him to live on the premises; and three years after he had had to leave he heard that a Scout Troop had been started among the boys.

The result he described the other day at a Rotary Club dinner in India. He had revisited the place, and found floggings and armed guards gone, and boys actually being allowed out after promising on their Scout's Honour to return at a certain time.

This is just one result of the Boy Scout idea in that vast country which alone has over 270,000 Scouts of every class and creed, a little army of peace breaking down the caste barriers.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

The Lord Mayor of Manchester has been recalling events of his year of office, and among them is a story of what may well have been the cheapest wreath for King George's funeral.

When King George was lying in state the Lord Mayor of Manchester sent two wreaths. One was the city's tribute, a noble and worthy mass of flowers; the other a little green cross with four artificial carnations, delivered at the Town Hall in a brown paper bag.

The Lord Mayor despatched both wreaths, the big wreath in the name of the city of Manchester and the little one in the name of an old widowed pensioner whose message was, "To a good King who was kind to old people."

She did what she could.

UP LIKE A ROCKET AND DOWN LIKE A STICK A Murky Romance of the Seas

The story of the Girl Pat which went up like a rocket has come down like a stick.

When the tale began last spring the Grimsby trawler seemed bound for the seas of high adventure. She went out to fish and disappeared in the blue. When next heard of she had touched a port of Spain, and had been painted white. Many a vessel used to sail from there in days gone by to seek the Spanish Main. The Girl Pat had got the right romantic touch at the beginning.

Then, as from time to time news was flashed of her from more distant parts, the mystery of the adventure grew. Now there was a hint of pearling and now of hidden treasure in lonely islands off the African coast. Then hostile natives came in.

The Girl Pat acted in the most approved story-book tradition, changing her name to the Kia Ora, and crossing the South Atlantic to British Guiana.

But here the 8000-mile voyage ended in the police court, like a candle that is snuffed out. At Georgetown, British Guiana, the forces of law and order had no sympathy with the sort of romance that takes a ship belonging to someone else with no good reason.

A British jury and a British judge took a still harsher view of this adventure that was so many years out of date, and their verdict makes plain that there is no excuse for those who blacken the name of the British shipmaster for fair dealing and honesty.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER Should She Control Her Own Affairs?

The Scottish Nationalists are increasingly urging that a Scottish Parliament should be established to deal with purely Scottish affairs.

It is felt that Scotland suffers at the hands of the Imperial Parliament in London, not through conscious neglect but because it is so difficult for the House of Commons to understand Scotland's needs.

Speaking at Stirling, the Duke of Montrose pointed out that year by year Scotland is becoming poorer. The population falls as youth drifts away to England. He added that Scotland was still being governed in Scotland as was provided 200 years ago, and that Parliament is so fully occupied that Scottish domestic policy is pushed out of the way.

We are quite sure that few Englishmen, however intelligent, have the time or opportunity to study Scottish needs. It is also true that when Scottish affairs are discussed in the House of Commons there is a beggarly array of empty benches. Surely it would be better that Scottish domestic affairs should be discussed in Edinburgh.

A MAHARAJAH'S HOMECOMING

Returning home from foreign parts, the Maharajah of Mysore gave thanks to the gods of his ancestors, and much entertainment to his people.

None of his ancestors had crossed the seas. The Maharajah, after visiting England, Germany, Italy, and France, will go through elaborate rites of purification; but at the Dasera Festival of Mysore the only thought was of rejoicing.

The Maharajah, after ten days of fasting, held a Durbar in the courtyard of the Palace and mounted the ancient jewelled throne. That was the old ritual. But as he seated himself, while the Mysore anthem was played, he touched a button and 60,000 electric lamps blazed to make a new Light of Asia.

Farewell

To Canon Carnegie, 23 years
Rector of St Margaret's

He was born in Ireland in 1860, and after a brilliant career at Oxford became a schoolmaster. But the Church called him, and many years of happy and successful work as Rector of Birmingham Cathedral were crowned by his appointment to the rectory of the historic church of St Margaret's, Westminster, and for 20 years he was also Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was an eloquent preacher and a lovable man.

To Mrs Florence Weldon, benefactor
of Oxford University

Widow of an Oxford professor, she for many years devoted her wealth, energies, and enthusiasm to the enrichment of the Ashmolean Museum's Art Gallery. She gave it some of its most treasured paintings, and one of the new galleries there bears her name as a tribute to her generosity.

To Professor Sollas, geologist,
whose 87 years of life are over

He was a Birmingham boy who learned much of science as a pupil of Tyndall and Huxley, and rose to be one of our greatest geologists and an authority on prehistoric man. Among the adventures which took him far afield were an expedition to the Pacific to investigate the mystery of coral-reefs and a visit to the Kalahari Desert to see the last of the Bushmen. In him the nation loses a mighty intellect, and young scientists a never-failing friend.

To Mrs Macy, the good companion
of blind, deaf, and dumb Helen Keller

It does not seem four years since she told the story of her wonderful life to a huge London audience as she stood with Helen Keller on the platform at the Queen's Hall. It then seemed to us that if Helen Keller was a hero, Anne Macy was another. Such unselfishness and patience as hers have rarely been seen on this earth, and we could only think of Blake's words:

Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

It was in 1887 that Mrs Macy, then Anne Sullivan, first met Helen Keller, then a child of seven. "She was a wild, destructive little creature," Mrs Macy told us, "and nobody could control her bursts of temper." But her new friend soon cured her unhappiness. The first thing she did was to put a new doll into the child's arms, and she caught Helen's interest by making the deaf and dumb letters D O L L on her small hand over and over again until she could spell the word. In a month Helen had learned 30 words by the, fingering alphabet. Through her skill and never-failing patience the little deaf-mute was given as good an education as any girl of her period.

Toward the end of this unique friendship it became Helen Keller's turn to help, for Mrs Macy's old trouble returned and she became blind for the last few years of her life, which has just ended.

To Dr George Forbes, electrical engineer
and inventor, who has died at Worthing,
aged 88

He was one of the founders of the British Association and one of the pioneers of electricity. He helped to harness the Falls of Niagara and to survey the cataracts of the Nile, and suggested to Kitchener the use of electric railways in the desert war against the Khalifa. He was a very great traveller and worked for the Admiralty, for which he designed range-finders.

To the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin,
whose life of 93 years has ended

She was one of the greatest ladies of the Victorian era, wife of one of the most brilliant diplomats and statesmen of his age, who wrote to her in a dark hour: "Your letters are my greatest comfort. You have been everything to me in my prosperous days, and they have been many; and now you are even more to me in my adversity."

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE A Busy Week-End

Last week-end was a busy one in foreign affairs.

The Italian Foreign Minister, Mussolini's son-in-law, ended his visit to Herr Hitler, and it was announced that Germany and Italy were agreed in resisting Communism, in developing trade in the Danube valley, and that Germany would recognise Italy's conquest of Abyssinia.

In Belgium what might have been the beginning of a Fascist revolution was checked by the firm hand of the Government in arresting the head of the movement until the excitement had died down.

In Spain General Franco is drawing nearer Madrid, and Italy and Germany have declared that they will recognise his authority as head of the State as soon as he takes the capital.

The position of M. Blum in France has been strengthened as a result of the meeting of the Radical Party, whose two branches have agreed to settle their differences and to support the Government.

TELEVISION BEGINS First Programmes For London

The first regular television programmes by the B B C will begin on Monday.

The transmissions so far have been of an experimental character, mainly for technical tests, but from Monday there will be programmes for the public between three and four in the afternoon and nine and ten in the evening.

Vision and sound will be broadcast from Alexandra Palace in North London, of which we give a picture in our middle pages. The station has a radius of about 25 miles.

THE BANDS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS

The mass tramps who have replaced the walker, the rambler, and the camper in the countryside received this deserved rebuke last week from the new Lord Rector of Glasgow University, Sir Iain Colquhoun.

For a long time the walker, the rambler, and the camper had been familiar figures, but the mass movements which have become so integral a part of our national life are of very recent growth.

When massed walking (or hiking) started, the movement was at once seized upon as an excellent camouflage for amusement in which walking and healthful exercise have no part whatsoever. Thus we had the inspiring spectacle of bands of youths and maidens, similar in dress and deportment, with musical accompaniment, setting out on a Sunday morning for a day in the country.

They returned in the late evening, having destroyed the Sabbath, the farmer's crops, the peace of the district, the tempers of everybody, and the belief of the public in the value of the movement.

THE LUNATICS

A London magistrate in banning for five years a motorist who turned without giving a signal:

You are not a fit person to drive. You suddenly recognise that you are going in the wrong direction, and without a moment's hesitation you switch across the traffic without giving proper notice of your intention. Then you have the impudence to talk about a double line of traffic as though drivers had to expect a lunatic like you suddenly dashing out from the side.

There are thousands of drivers who turn without signalling. Every motorist sees them every day.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A Jew in Germany has been sent to prison for eighteen months for "presenting a false picture of affairs in Germany" in a letter to his relatives.

There are over 300 levers in the new signal-box at Waterloo, all easily operated with the thumb.

The Jarrow marchers spent their night at Nottingham in a lodging-house as the guests of the town, the town clerk taking charge of their petition.

A trawler engineer who had broken his leg while at sea has had it set by Scarborough police ambulance men who worked in a heaving motor-boat, rocking in the darkness of the harbour.

Parishioners of the farmers mission church on Lord Leverhulme's estate at Storeton, Wirral, will be called to worship in future by a ship's bell, the bell of the Mauretania.

Ten thousand pounds has been received for Belfast Cathedral from someone unknown.

This year's Motor Show was the most successful ever held; 237,560 people visited it and the contracts entered into at Olympia are valued at about £80,000,000.

Ten thousand people a day visited the Royal Agricultural Hall for the four days of the Dairy Show.

THE CLEVER WAY OF A GULL

We have all read in books of the birds who drop their hard-shell victims on a stone to break them. A correspondent who has just seen this happen in Ireland sends us this note.

We were having a picnic on Rosslare Strand, and were watching the gulls searching for food in the shallow pools left by the tide. Presently we saw one pick up a hard-shell fish in its beak and fly a little way. It hovered for a second and then let its capture fall on to the hard sand, swooping down after it. The gull then proceeded to pick out the soft body from the broken shell. Again and again the gulls did this, often flying up three or four times before they succeeded in breaking the shell.

THINGS SEEN

Orchids in bloom in a hothouse on Tixie Island in the Arctic.

A London traffic policeman taking a smiling shopgirl's hand across the street.

A motorist cutting in and out of a funeral procession, hooting all the time.

Seagulls hunting for food as far inland as the Cotswolds.

A lorry load of waste paper scattered along half a mile of the Sidcup road.

THINGS SAID

The people who talk most of peace at any price are careful to lock their front door at night. Lord Somers

It is heartbreaking for the farmer to see his beautiful country turned into a refuse dump after every fine week-end.

Lord Rector of Glasgow University

Give me anything rather than Fascism, which is the negation and death of liberty.

Mr Vandervelde, Belgian Cabinet Minister

I send the world an olive branch of peace sprouting from eight million bayonets. Signor Mussolini

The nations are suffering from indigestion. Lord Sankey

Johannesburg is a vast city that has grown up haphazard, unplanned, and sprawling in the veld. Sir Leslie Scott

Whitehall is setting a bad example to London; one of the blackest smoke clouds lies over the buildings.

Speaker at Smoke Abatement Conference

In the course of the next few days the world will know whether President Roosevelt is President Roosevelt still. To the United States the Presidential Election, whether for a candidate's first term of office or, as in Mr Roosevelt's case, for his second, is the most momentous event in its calendar. It occurs only once in four years, but it stirs the country as nothing else can.

Mr Roosevelt followed President Hoover, who had come in on a wave of popularity and went out in the trough of depression. Roosevelt was to be the man to set things right. He took the view that industrial recovery could only be brought about by reducing unemployment, and that the only way was to give men work to do. Anything was better than keeping them idle, and the President pushed on vast relief works where the wasted labour might be employed to useful purpose.

Will Mr Roosevelt Be President Again?

The various schemes were sanctioned under the National Industrial Recovery Act.

But these schemes cost money to begin and to carry on, and were from their nature not immediately productive. They could not pay dividends, and though the United States is now getting out of the Slough of Despond, and is planting its feet on firm ground once more, the complaint is made that the schemes were too extravagant, too ill-balanced, and that recovery could have been reached without them.

These are some of the reasons why President Roosevelt has brought against himself other candidates for the Presidency. Mr Landon is the sole survivor among them who has any chance, but there is no denying that he is a serious rival. Like the President, he has been

touring the country, addressing vast meetings, speaking from his railway carriage at wayside stations, leaving no stone unturned to prove to the vast constituency of 3,500,000 square miles, 48 States, and 122 million people that Landon and not Roosevelt is the man they want.

To the last Mr Landon declared that he was confident of success, and President Roosevelt must go because he is one of the disturbers of tranquillity. But the world cannot so regard the President. He is one of the promoters of the world's peace because he has known when to yield to the pressure of social needs, and has not tried to mould events but has allowed himself to be guided by the urgent necessities of his time. One of the numerous difficulties of forecasting

the results of a Presidential Election is the system of election. Though votes are cast by individual voters in each State, the final voting is by the 48 States themselves, which together constitute what is called the Electoral College. In this College the States have different voting powers, based on the number of voters. New York State, for example, having 47 votes, Illinois 19, Georgia 12. But if a bare majority of New York's 47 voted for either candidate New York's vote would be cast for him in the final election. Thus it might be possible for a candidate to have a majority of the popular vote and a minority in the Electoral College. When Mr Roosevelt was last elected he had 22,821,857 of the popular vote, to Mr Hoover's 15,761,841, but 472 votes to 59 in the voting by States. The cost of the election is estimated at nearly £6,000,000.

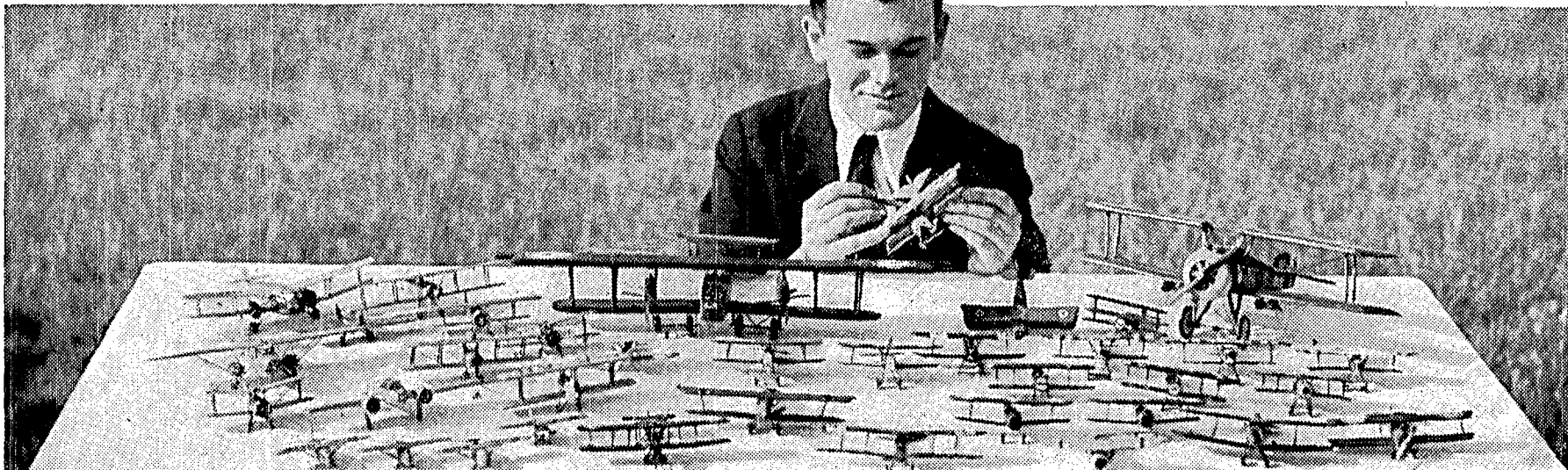


THE LITTLE CORONATION COACH

King Edward and his Coronation coach in miniature. Thousands of these models, with figures three inches high, are being made in a London factory.

THE TOY-PLANE BOY

A Leyton boy who is a steam-roller mechanic spends his spare time making model aeroplanes, some of which are shown here.



WAITING FOR THE ICE TO MELT New Lowering Jack

A remarkable story of the use of ice for lowering heavy and difficult objects is reported.

The New York Telephone Company had to lower 3200 feet of telephone ducts in a Brooklyn street by 30 inches because the city decided to lower the street level. The work was neatly done by placing cakes of ice under the ducts. As the ice melted the ducts were gradually and gently lowered, whereas the jacks used previously cracked the material.

The same idea was adopted when a new motor-car factory was faced with the problem of lowering 90-ton forging machines and a 100-ton hydraulic body press into their foundation-pits. The machines were rolled over the ice-filled pits, and settled as the ice melted.

UNEMPLOYMENT CAN BE BEATEN

Good furniture is always in demand, and an exhibition of modern Welsh furniture held lately at Chester has been the talk of the town.

All of it was the work of unemployed youths of Bryn Mawr, one of the hardest hit towns in South Wales. They have been trained during the last five years by highly skilled craftsmen and are now experts themselves.

Since the Bryn Mawr and Clydach Valley Industries, Ltd., was started more than £25,000 has been paid out in wages, and workless men have become skilled in many crafts.

A VILLAGE SCRAPBOOK

We hope that many other village will follow the example of Smarden in Kent, which is to have an official scrapbook for recording village events.

THE FLYING BISHOP COMES TO EARTH IN LONDON

Archibald the Arctic, as Dr Archibald Fleming, Bishop of the Arctic, loves to call himself, has reached London.

He is here on holiday. Born at Greenock, Dr Fleming is a Scotsman who has spent his last 27 years in Canada. In the old days he travelled about 2000 miles a year by sledge as he followed the Eskimos to their hunting grounds. Now he travels twice as far by aeroplane, and lives at Toronto, proud to tell everyone that his diocese covers 2½ million square miles.

During his flying tour this summer he was marooned for 16 days on a tiny island in the Arctic Ocean, and might have been there now had not the Fur Trade Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company picked him up in a specially chartered aeroplane.

BY ROAD OR RAIL? Victory For the Road Carriers

Our four big railway companies have been defeated in an attempt to secure cancellation of certain road licences for motors and trailers working between London, the Midlands, and the North.

The Licensing Authority held that, although the railways had facilities to carry the goods, it was not in the public interest to suppress road competition.

The Authority added that if the use of long-distance road transport had been prohibited ten years ago it is probable that the country would have been handicapped in competing with other nations.

The decision is a great blow to the railway companies; it also keeps on the crowded roads much traffic which many people think should be sent by rail.

GET RID OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER

Mr Hore-Belisha To the Magistrates

"WIN THE GRATITUDE OF THE COMMUNITY"

The Minister of Transport has been appealing to magistrates to administer the law more vigorously in cases of careless and drunken drivers. This is what Mr Hore-Belisha says:

In the case of careless driving Parliament has required magistrates to endorse licences, unless there are special reasons to the contrary. In one town last year there was not a single endorsement, although there were 33 convictions.

For the offence of driving a vehicle when under the influence of drink or a drug Parliament has made suspension of licence compulsory, unless there is special reason to the contrary. In one of the greatest cities of the realm there were 77 convictions last year for this offence, but in only one-third was a licence suspended.

We are concerned not with the generality of motorists, who are law-abiding people and who, far from being harried, should be facilitated, but with that minority actually found guilty of offences which put individuals and the community as a whole to unmerited risk.

No domestic achievement would win greater gratitude or bring greater relief to the community than the freeing of our roads from those who so far abuse their convenience as to neglect the rights and weaknesses of others who have to use them. That task must be undertaken jointly by all who have the power to fulfil it. Parliament has laid down the law. The Ministry of Transport, the highway authorities, the police, and—most impressively—the magistrates administer it. The obligation falls upon us all.

The CN still believes that all drivers on the road should be tested, however long they have been driving. There are hundreds of thousands of bad drivers who have never been tested.

A NECKLACE FOR THE DUCHESS

Lakeland had a delightful surprise for the Duke of Kent when he visited the unemployed camp, an ivory necklace for the Duchess.

Its 65 links had been beautifully carved by a local craftsman, who, not content with this example of his skill, is now making for it a casket of old oak from Urswick Church inlaid with ivory from one of Ruskin's chessmen and boxwood from one of his printing blocks, with panels of walnut from a tree on Wordsworth's grave and oak from the Brig of Ayr.

There could hardly be a more charming memento of the Lakes, and the necklace and the casket show that the delight of the English craftsman in his work has not yet been extinguished by mass production.

The Duke carried away from his visit two other pleasant recollections—the village housewives running to their doors to wave a greeting to him with brooms and dusters as his car passed by, and the gaily-painted horse and cart given to him for his son by the men who make toys of painted plywood at Cleator Moor.

THE CHILD ON THE LINE

An engine-driver ran in front of his engine at Washington in Durham the other day.

Driving a mineral train with about 300 tons of coal, he was slowly approaching the station when he saw a little child on the track. He jumped from the locomotive, ran ahead of the train, lay down, and held the child between the rails while about 25 trucks passed over them.

When the fireman stopped the train the driver and the frightened child were little worse for their experience.

The Queen and the Wonderful Magnet

Queen Mary, when visiting the Westminster Eye Hospital in Holborn the other day, saw what a magnet can do.

The hospital's electro-magnet, the most powerful that any hospital in the kingdom has, is used for drawing out splinters of steel or iron filings that have found their way into the eye. Such magnets are in common use in the iron and steel works of the North. Happily there was no eye with steel in it at the hospital, but, so that the Queen should see what power the magnet has, some splinters were embedded in a pillow. The current was turned on, and out sprang the splinters.

On some occasions when splinters are deeply embedded a heavy bar of steel is used to reinforce the magnet and locate the particles. The Queen was holding it when the current was turned on for the second time, and it leapt out of her hand. So strong and pervading is the magnetic field set up in the magnet room that the Queen, and those who afterwards walked round the hospital with her, had to remove their watches before entering. (A watch submitted to the magnetic influence would not recover its accuracy for weeks.)

Among other things shown to the visitors by the Senior Surgeon, Sir Richard Cruise, were the knives used for the merciful surgery of the eye. They are Sir Richard's own invention, and so keen is their edge that, lightly balancing one of them on his finger, he could pierce a thick piece of kid with it almost without pressure. No other knives in the world are so sharp.

The Queen chatted with all, old and young, the blind and the partially healed, who learned that she was there and were drawn to her as if she were a magnet—as indeed she has so often been for the sick and the sorrowful.

PUPPETRY

"It is wonderful what they can be made to do!" we heard the audience saying as we came away from the Roel Puppets at the Unity Theatre Club the other night.

Of the seven short plays presented, Edward Lear's Courtship of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo made us laugh most, but the movingly simple interpretation of the old mystery play of Abraham and Isaac was the most impressive.

It is in poetic interpretation rather than in mechanical perfection that our English puppets excel.

Just as the eleventh annual Exhibition of the British Puppet Guild had finished showing us the poetical and mechanical possibilities of puppetry came news from a Girls High School in Vienna, showing how clever they can also be socially. In Vienna they help to feed the unemployed. This is the story.

One day last spring the girls of the Albertgasse School went to their drawing class and saw on the blackboard a list of strange names. These, it turned out, were characters in a play. As soon as they knew the play each girl selected a character and drew several views of its face. Then she modelled the head, making all the characteristic features stand out clearly, as in a caricature. Then they modelled the hands and made feet, heavy feet; then the bodies, loose, long and floppy, and the costumes—a purple cloak for the king, trimmed with ermine. Then came threads suspended from a wooden crossbar at the top to the hands, the feet, the head, and various parts of the puppet's body; and at last came the rehearsals.

It takes infinite patience and skill to learn to make all those threads control the little dolls.

But the proof of the puppet play is in the performance. This play was given six times, bringing in a very neat sum for the Winter Relief Fund. The girls are all agreed that that is the sort of drawing lesson they like best.

ADA AND ELIZA JANE The Cooks Who Stay

Most of us know stories about cooks who go. Such stories are told whenever two or three ladies have tea together.

But now and then we hear of a cook who stays.

Miss Lily Hale, for instance, who is for some reason called Ada, has stayed at Woodford House School in Birchington for 47 years, and sooner or later every Old Boy visiting the school is seen wandering off to the kitchen for a chat with Ada-Cook.

Every holiday Mrs Hale comes to stay with her daughter and helps her in little ways about the house, although she is now about 84. Last Easter, when it was the houseboy, not the cook, who had left at short notice, the old lady was even found sweeping the asphalt playground. So much for Ada and her mother; now for Eliza.

Eliza Lemon went into service in 1861 when she was 13, and for the same reason that Lily was called Ada, Eliza was renamed Jane. As nursemaid Jane brought up the family of the Rev John Acton in the Dorset village of Iwerne Minster, till the last had gone to school and Jane was made parlourmaid. Finally she became cook, and when Mrs Acton died in 1916 Jane went to cook for one of the children she had nursed, a married daughter who moved to London. Here she may still be found, busy with pots and pans and new-made cakes, and with no intention of leaving the family she has served with such devotion for 75 years.

THE CHURCH FOR A ROYAL WEDDING

When the Roosevelts Were English

The Queen of Holland has chosen the church at which her daughter, the Princess Juliana, shall be married, and naturally it is St James's, or the Groote Kirk, at The Hague, where her own wedding took place 35 years ago.

Whoever represents King Edward at the wedding will be stirred by strange and moving memories of history concerning Holland and our own land.

In this church is the monument of one of our gallant foemen, Admiral Baron Obdam, who perished in battle with our fleet 270 years ago. The war, one of three we had with Holland during the 17th century, was provoked by Charles the Second, who, as a return for shelter afforded him while an exile from England, began hostilities against his former hosts, and seized a settlement on an island in an American river which the Dutch had newly discovered. They called the settlement New Amsterdam; we changed the name to that which it has ever since borne, New York.

There was living there at the time a newly-arrived Dutchman named Nicholas Roosevelt, who with his descendants remained citizens under the English flag for the next century and more. One of those descendants was President Theodore Roosevelt; another is the President who is now engaged in an election battle.

Had victory attended the battle of the old admiral whose monument is in this church we should not have won New York, and the Roosevelts would have been denied the boast that for 126 years they were Englishmen.

THE KITCHEN-MAID'S BOOK

A kitchen-maid in New York has won a prize of £400 for a novel in Finnish.

She is Miss Sally Salminen, who six years ago went to America from the Aland Islands in the Baltic Sea, and her novel Katrina describes the life of the fisherfolk there. She has had little education, and has written her book in spare time after the housework was done.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

The Energy of a Remarkable Man

ALL-ROUND GENIUS

Lovers of the music of Bach have much already to thank the famous missionary Albert Schweitzer for.

Besides being a missionary, a doctor of medicine, and a philosopher, he is a musician, and a great interpreter of Bach on the organ, and now he is doing Bach-lovers another service. At the request of the Bach Organ Music Society he is making 52 new gramophone records of the great composer's works on the organ. In the last few months he has been for this purpose trying organs in different parts of Europe, and after testing dozens of instruments has chosen the one he found in the Church of St Aurelie in Strasbourg.

To Strasbourg the recording experts have been sent. Thousands of pounds worth of apparatus has been sent and the great work has begun. This will be the biggest making of consecutive gramophone records ever undertaken by a musician.

Dr Schweitzer is indefatigable. After a strenuous spell of work at his famous hospital at Lambaréné in Equatorial Africa, followed by a period in Europe to finish his important book on Indian Philosophy, he might have been expected to take a rest; but Dr Schweitzer never rests, and as soon as he can leave Europe he will go back to more work as a medical missionary among his beloved Natives in the African forest.

LEEDS FINDS A LITTLE BOX

A little lead box has been brought to light in Leeds. It has not been opened, and it is not to be opened, but we know what is inside.

When a statue of Queen Victoria was erected outside the town hall 31 years ago the workmen buried this box at the foot of the pedestal, and in it are records of the Memorial Fund, a copy of the Corporation City Year Book, local newspapers for November 18, 1905, and a little heap of silver coins. When the statue is re-erected on Woodhouse Moor the little box will be hidden again, and we may well wonder how many generations will come and go before it next sees the light of day.

THE LITTLE ONE BECOMES A THOUSAND

The Milk Marketing Board has reached its third birthday, and has now an annual turnover of more than 80 millions.

In 1933 the Board consisted of only three people; now the three have become a thousand. All over England and Wales 90,000 milk producers and 70,000 producer-retailers are selling their milk through the Board.

THE BRONZE SOLDIER

Workmen digging near Brough, a Yorkshire village by the Humber, have come upon a grave with two skeletons and the bones of sheep and a dog.

Many fragments of pottery have been found, most of them about 17 or 18 centuries old; but the greatest treasure is a bronze figure of a Roman soldier, so exquisitely made that it looks almost too new to be twice as old as the Conqueror's Domesday Book.

THE MUSHROOM

A pavement in the Yorkshire town of Bridlington has had to be repaired, not because pedestrians have worn it down but because mushrooms have pushed it up. "Mushrooms are stronger than the roots of trees," the borough surveyor has been saying. "They will push up a house and upset its foundations, and in this case they have lifted an asphalt pavement."

A CIRCUS TRAGEDY

Broadcast That Brought Mother Home

Black tragedy visited Belli's Circus in Copenhagen the other day.

Small-scale tragedies may be as black as large-scale ones, and a month-old tiger cub which feels itself perishing for want of its wonted nourishment may be as forlorn as a wounded soldier on a Spanish battlefield.

This particular tiger cub had been mothered since its birth by a retriever named Flink, who had proved a most conscientious and devoted foster-parent to it. But there came a day when Flink felt she must take a day off or die. Whether she would have been quite so callous had the cub been her own offspring is a question only she could answer. All that is certain is that on that particular morning she slipped out of the stables without so much as a "by your leave," and was soon too far away to hear her hungry foster-child's increasingly plaintive cries.

As hour after hour passed, and the pangs of hunger became more acute, her cries rose to wails, and then to howls that seemed likely to bring the tent-roof down. The distracted and pitiful attendants tried everything they could think of to remedy matters, but without avail. The cub obstinately refused to be fed from a spoon or a bottle, and howled on and on, despairingly and heart-breakingly. And still Flink stayed away. At last someone had the happy thought of broadcasting an S O S for her into the void.

Within half an hour the news of the famishing tiger cub and its truant foster-mother had penetrated into practically every home in the town, and it was not long before there came a telephone call, announcing that Flink had been sighted taking the air in one of the parks. As may be imagined, she was fetched home in double-quick time. The howls ceased as by magic, and men and beasts heaved a sigh of relief at this happy ending.

THE VIKING WAY

Another Whaler Sunk at Sea

Another of the South African whalers has sailed out from the whaling port of Durban on her last voyage, to be sunk at sea.

Such is the Durban custom when the ship has laboured her allotted span of years, and last July the C.N.'s South African correspondent noted that the first of three famous whalers built a quarter of a century ago, the Scarpjeden, had gone.

She was towed five miles out to sea, set on fire like the Viking ships of old, and left with her seacocks open.

For ten years the Scarpjeden had swung at anchor in Durban Harbour with her fellow ships named after the Viking kings Hogni and Blink. Now the Hogni has joined her in the depths of the Indian Ocean, meeting her end by fire and water in the same gallant way.

Next month the Blink will also depart, and the three will meet in a common grave. There is something splendid in the end of these ships which, having dared the perils of the sea during their lives, are joined to it in their deaths, instead of being broken up for logs.

The owner of the ships, Mr Pettersen, has done better than that. He is taking out passengers on a steamship to see the funeral pyre. What they subscribe for the privilege of being present at the strange romantic rite will be given to the Natal Children's Camps Association Fund.

THE DAZZLING LAMPS

The anti-dazzle movement of planting trees and hedges between separate carriage-ways to diminish the glare of headlights is spreading.

A section of the Birmingham to Coventry road has been planted, and now a mile of the London-Carlisle road near Oadby is to be divided by a hedge.

CONQUEST OF THE FLY

Astonishing News From Panama

From the latest report of the British Consul at Panama we take this most interesting passage:

The absence of the common house-fly from the Canal Zone towns and from the cities of Panama and Colon is one of the most remarkable features of life on the Isthmus.

The presence of a single fly within a building is sufficient to cause comment. The care taken by the Health Department in regard to the collection and disposal of garbage and stable refuse is responsible for this happy result.

This, be it remembered, is from the place where insects defeated M. de Lesseps when he attempted to canalise the famous Isthmus. The mosquito was beaten by science, and now even the house-fly has been defeated.

The question at once arises: if at Panama, why not elsewhere? Why should we all tolerate an insect which is a cause of so much disease? Certain it is that flies cannot breed unless organic matter is provided for their grubs? Why provide it?

We commend the question to all Medical Officers of Health everywhere.

THE COW'S BATHROOM

The friendly cow all red and white Has left the simple path, And won't give cream with all her might Unless she gets a bath.

Peter Puck thinks that R. L. S. might have written in that strain if he had seen a recent issue of the Farmer and Stock Breeder and read in it about the cow's bathroom at Billesley Manor in Warwickshire.

At this model farm the milking shed is sprayed with aluminium for easy cleaning, and before cows are milked they pass through a bathroom where their feet are washed with a hose.

THE TRAP TRAPPED

BY THE TIDE

What a Fox Probably Thinks

There lives in Ogmores Vale in Glamorgan a fox whose ideas have been all upset.

Like many other foxes, he loved to steal down to the seashore at low water to hunt for whelks and crabs, and the other day he let his passion for shellfish carry him too far.

In a crevice between two rocks there lurked a delicious morsel, and the fox pressed himself into the crack as far as he could go. But he struggled in vain to reach the dainty, and when he tried to back out he found that he was wedged too firmly to retreat.

There is a saying that many a greedy person digs his grave with his teeth. Now it seemed certain that the fox must perish, because the rocks were covered at high water.

Desperately did the wretched animal try to escape from the trap. At last he heard the noise of the waves drawing nearer and nearer. The tide had turned; the trap was being trapped by the tide.

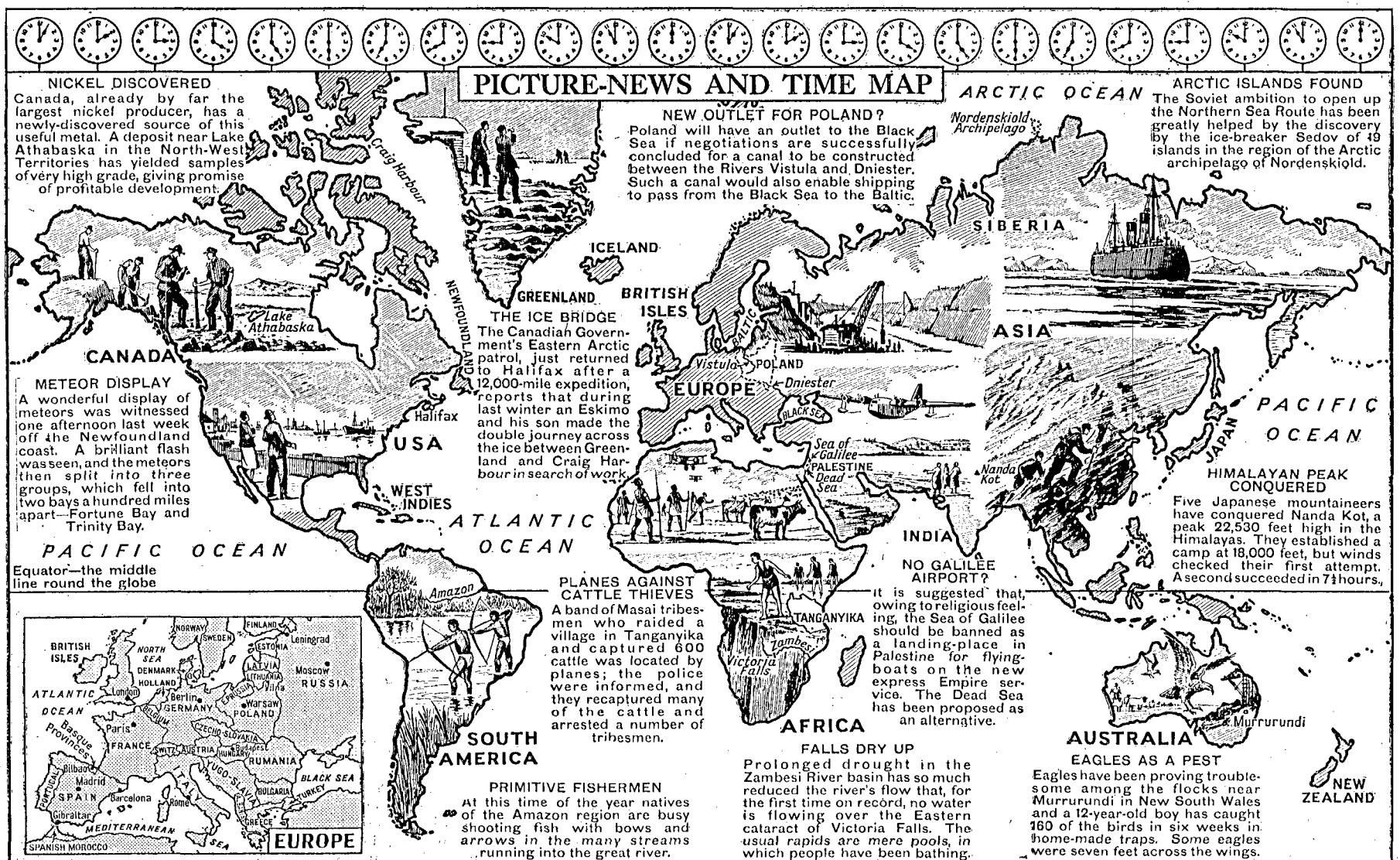
As luck would have it, Mr W. Davies decided to take a stroll along the shore to blow away thoughts of the office, and he found the fox.

When the creature heard a man's footsteps he must have been more afraid than ever, for a fox regards man as his greatest enemy. Would the man fetch the hounds to tear him to bits, or just stand by and laugh as he drowned?

No doubt to the astonishment of the fox, the man set to work like fury, and released him just in time to save him from the sea.

Off sped the fox, inland, as fast as his cramped limbs would carry him, and in his clever foxy head he probably carried the amazing thought that

Not all men are bad.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 31 1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Is it Too Late, Herr Hitler?

ALL the world knows Norman Angell, and all men know that he has been no enemy of any land, least of all of Germany.

We think it right, therefore, to call attention to a moving letter he has written concerning the sense of honour of which we hear so much from Herr Hitler. It is right that we should wish to be friends with Germany, but it is more important that we should not lose our sense of right and wrong.

There is no unity worth having that is bought at the price of dishonour to humanity.

Sir Norman Angell in his letter calls attention to what is happening in Germany, according to The Times. It is difficult to believe the suffering, humiliation, and degradation that is going on, the daily torment of Jews and others, especially of Jewish children, whose lives are made a martyrdom. Often they are set apart on separate benches in schools, forbidden to join in games or to use the swimming-bath, and compelled to listen to shameful charges against their race. Though not supplied with milk in schools, they are compelled to go up and ask for it so that they may be refused in the presence of their schoolfellows.

As Sir Norman Angellsays, these cruel torments are practised in cold blood in time of peace, month after month, year after year, against a completely unarmed people who have never risen in armed rebellion, never attempted so to do; who, suffering wrong through the ages, have never resorted to arms for redress, who have applied to the full the method of non-violent resistance.

And this daily torment of an unarmed people, of little children, is inflicted for one reason only: in their veins may run the blood of the race which gave us Jesus Christ, His Mother, His Apostles.

If every war atrocity alleged against the Germans were true they would not constitute an indictment as severe as that which the Germans have brought against themselves by these measures.

Every people has been guilty of cruelty upon the battlefield, or in repression of rebellion; but the Germans are not suppressing an armed rebellion, nor fearing one. And even if it were so *Babies are neutral.*

These are the words of a man who has been a great friend of Germany when it was unpopular to be friendly to her, and he asks that these things should be remembered now lest in our anxiety to be friends with all we come to pretend that evil is good, and to lose the distinction between right and wrong.

Will not Herr Hitler listen to so good a friend, and see if it is too late to call Germany back from the road that leads to the Dark Ages?

We Must Grow More Wheat

THE British wheat crop this year is a sad failure. While in 1935 we produced over 1,600,000 tons, the estimate for 1936 is 300,000 tons less.

Our country, like so many others, has suffered from an abnormal summer; but that is not the whole story. Our wheat production, apart from the weather factor, is actually inadequate, and there is far too much wasted area.

The Children's Friend

WAITING to cross one of London's busiest thoroughfares the other day, we saw a policeman step out into the road, hold up his hand, and stop the traffic.

Three little girls, one leading a small brother by the hand, skipped across, and stood smiling on the opposite pavement.

The policeman followed them, and three little paper bags were thrust in his face.

Their big friend bent down, took a sweet from each, put them into his mouth, and waved the children toward an open door, where they disappeared behind school walls.

There are countries in Europe where the sight of the police strikes terror to the heart of the people.

Paid in Full

WEEK after week a farmer of Munro Bay in South Africa found that his eggs had disappeared when he went to collect them in the morning, and though he kept watch the marauder could not be discovered. One morning he found no eggs, as usual, but a ten-shilling note lay in the coop.

Difficult To Save the Babies

ONE of our readers has forwarded to us a letter from the Home Office in reply to a protest against the dangerous use of celluloid.

The letter admits that serious accidents occur from time to time, but says that the number and variety of articles containing celluloid are so great that the matter is difficult to deal with.

We are all for Parliamentary Government and against Dictators, but would any Dictator in Europe, we wonder, allow an admitted evil to continue because it was difficult to deal with? It is one of the most effective arguments against Parliament that in this country no means can be found to protect babies and little children from the bitter peril of being burned to death by inflammable toys.

If grown-ups like to run the risk of wearing inflammable combs and inflammable veils, and even inflammable spectacles which will blaze with the heat of the sun, why cannot we protect the helpless child?

Write to your M.P. about it.

The Incredible Truth

More people migrated from Australia last year than to it.

THIS is the remarkable news of the Empty Continent, in which the births last year were not enough to replace the deaths, so that the small population of Australia actually decreased last year.

A Word From Shakespeare

On Astrology

This is the excellent foppery of the world that we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars.

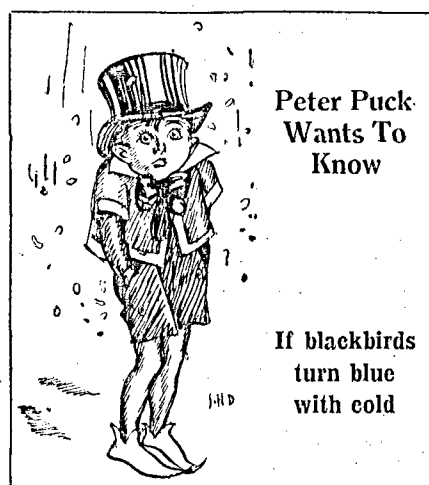
King Lear

Tip-Cat

A TALKING car is the latest thing in motoring. Has it spare parts of speech?

A MAN claims that a lot of famous people have come from his village. What's the matter with it?

A BUNGALOW dweller declares that he is only just in Buckinghamshire. He ought to be just everywhere.



SOUTHWARK clock tower is to go. The clock has been going for a long time.

MANY books will be published to celebrate the Coronation. Writers are always interested in royalties.

NORTH-COUNTRY women are very particular about their front doorsteps. Put them before their houses.

SMELLS are to be introduced into pictures. Movie fans will be led by the nose.



THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE victory over smallpox is nearly complete; there was only one case in this country last year.

THE lovely Buckinghamshire village of Latimer, with acres of land around it, have been saved from the builder.

FORTY MILLION Earl Haig poppies will be on sale on Remembrance Day.

MR LESLIE HENSON's broadcast for Dog Guides for the Blind brought in £3500.

JUST AN IDEA

It is a good thing to pluck the weeds out of your garden, but you will never have a fine show of colour unless you plant something now and then.

Blessings on That Heart So Great

By Our Country Girl

In spite of tempting offers from builders Mr C. V. Thomas has given Godrevy Headland and North Cliffs in Cornwall to the National Trust.

GODREVV runs to meet the sea; A headland like an armoured knight

Who rides to tourney with the sea And laughs and glories in the fight.

Wild music rings about the lists, The trumpeters are gull and wave, The banners are the moon-white mists Or clouds of sunrise burning brave.

No mean or ugly thing is there, And if a mortal comes that way The mighty winds blow off his care, The breakers sing his woes away.

So blessings on that heart too great To trade Atlantic coast for pelf, Who gave the headland to the State And kept his conscience for himself.

A Father To His Boy

We have come upon this passage from a letter written in 1862 by Henry Davidson to his son Randall, and it is interesting to remember that the boy grew up to crown King George the Fifth.

I WOULD strongly urge on you, dear Randall, always to stand on your own ground.

You know right and wrong better, I am sure, than many boys do. Don't be shoved, moved, pestered, driven, laughed off your own ground by any boy or any number of boys; there is plenty of fun without evil, and very soon one finds there is no fun in evil, but it may be found too late.

I believe nothing creates such respect as for either boy or man to stand on his own ground and keep it; and show you are keeping it too; and when you feel it difficult, just like Nehemiah before the King, silently ask God's help, and I cannot believe you won't get it. Only, of course, you must bear a bit of the burden yourself. It won't be made so easy that you will have no further trouble; but above all things be consistent.

The Road Man

WE hear a little tale of our friend the Road Man.

He trims the verges bordering the road, mows the grass and clips the hedges, and keeps his corner of the world fair to look upon. He never wastes a moment; but a neighbour has wasted a few moments for him now and then by sending him a glass of lemonade and perhaps a slice of cake.

One day there came a timid knock at the door. The Road Man was there, in one hand a bunch of flowers and in the other a cauliflower. He seemed embarrassed as he held them out, saying, "I've just brought you these for your kindness."

"Oh, but you shouldn't," the neighbour told him; "it was nothing."

And then the Road Man said an odd thing: "No, it wasn't much really—but it was more than anybody else did."

NEARLY SENT TO BORSTAL

A Young Life Saved

An appeal case heard by the Lord Chief Justice and other judges illustrates how hardly the law sometimes treats juveniles.

The appeal was against the conviction of a boy of 18 who had been sentenced to three years' detention for stealing an egg, while older persons indicted for the same alleged offence were bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.

The Lord Chief Justice, in discharging the lad, said it was a "very remarkable performance" to send the boy to Borstal when those older than he had been bound over. There was no evidence of criminal tendencies in the boy, or that he had associated with persons of bad character. His parents were respectable people and he had been in continuous work, and was actually in employment at the time of the charge.

So one young life has been saved from shame.

WARM WELCOMES IN NEW ZEALAND

Many English schoolboys will be tempted to set out for New Zealand when they read this.

The new Bishop of Wellington, who recently arrived from England, has been speaking of the wonderful welcome he is having. During the short time he has been in his new diocese he feels that he has drunk more cups of tea and eaten more sandwiches, cream, and cakes than in all his life before.

The Bishop began to feel himself a real New Zealander when at the Rugby test match at Wellington between New Zealand and Australia he found himself waving his hat in delight when New Zealand scored!

ACRES FOR THE POLES

Herr Hitler lately seemed to hint that some of the large estates of the Junkers might be chopped up into little bits for the peasants.

Poland had already done more than hint, and now has resumed the distribution of her people's property in order to keep the peasants quiet. The process of robbing Peter to pay Paul will now deprive the old landowners of 70,000 acres of their fields and woodlands.

The chief sufferers are the ancient Radziwills, Raczynskis, Lubomorskis, and the Lamoyskis. They deserved well of Poland in their day. The Polish peasant will now owe them something more than he can, or will, repay.

PLASTIC PLANES

New discoveries are rapidly extending the uses of the remarkable new plastic materials based on synthetic resin, now familiar to the public as bakelite.

Aeroplane propellers (called air-screws) are made from reinforced synthetic resin, and withstand the most searching tests. The blades endured nearly 17 hours of test flying, involving continual changes in pitch, and also 50 backfires.

In using reinforced plastic materials for aeroplanes the designer can take liberties that are impossible with metals.

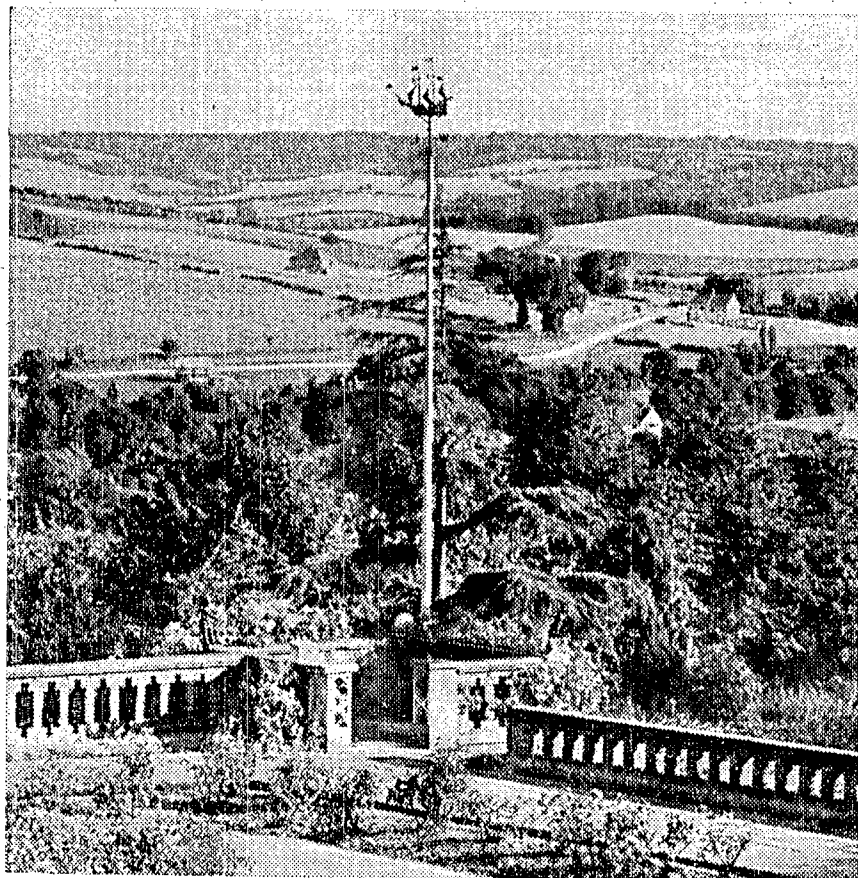
AN ECHO OF THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH

It is reported from Ladysmith that a horse belonging to a policeman was tethered against some buildings.

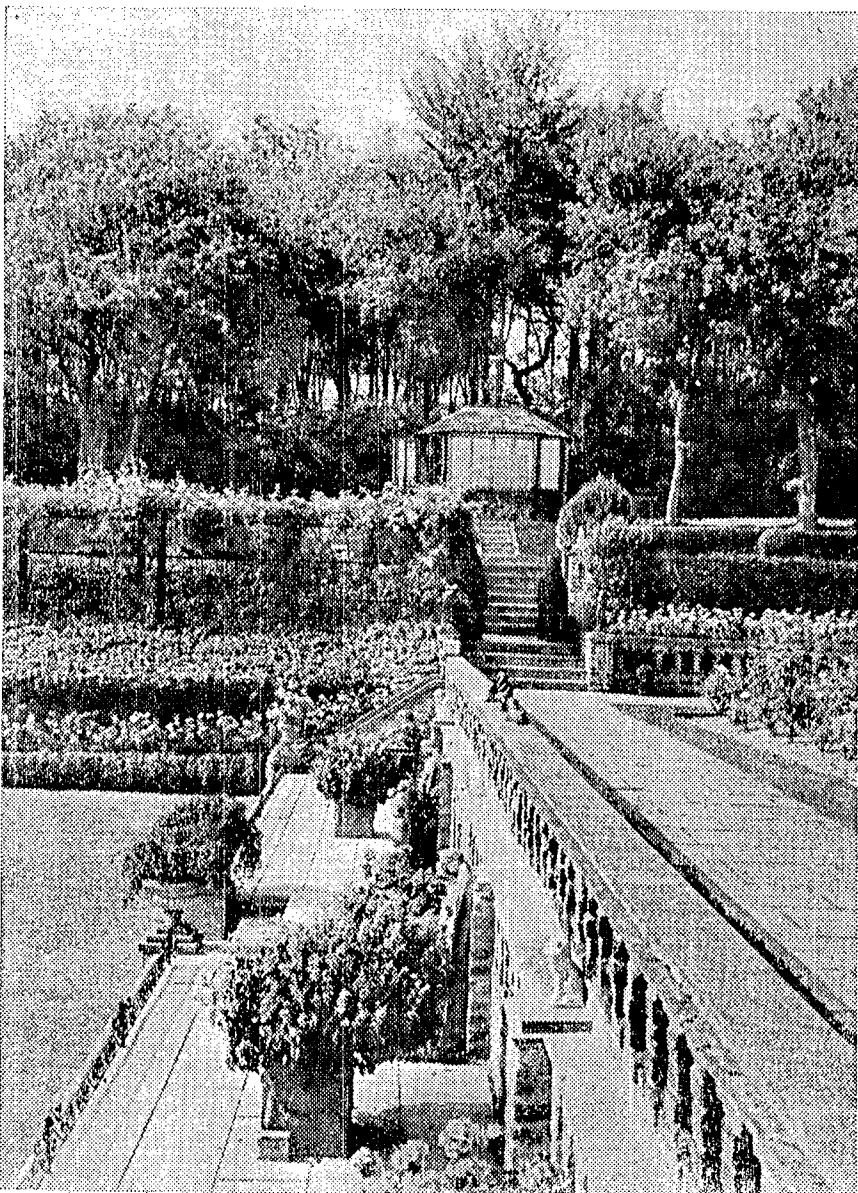
It passed the time pawing the ground, and a passer-by watching the horse's movements saw the nose of a shell protruding from the ground.

The shell proved to be unexploded and was removed; it is believed to be one fired into Ladysmith during the famous siege of the town in the Boer War.

Arthur Mee's Window on England



From the window of the little house below the Editor looks out on these hills, which narrowly missed the dazzling fame of being the cradle of human flight. Here, long before Wilbur Wright, an Englishman was learning to fly who but for his tragic death would almost certainly have been the world's first flying-man.



From this window on his Kent hilltop the Editor of the CN looks out on England; in this little house he has for six years been preparing a New Domesday Book of the Nation. In these six years Arthur Mee and his staff have been in every interesting place in England. They have travelled half a million miles in their cars and come home thrilled with the delights and treasures of our countryside. See page one.

THE PEOPLE ON THE LITTLE FARMS

A Ride in Ireland

One of our travelling correspondents who has been in Ireland has been struck by the deep human interest of a journey in the remote parts of the Emerald Isle; and she sends us these notes of some of the peasants she came across in her ride among the lonely western mountains.

We were following a rough road up a mountain ten miles from a village. There were a few odd farms dotted about, but none within easy reach of the other. As we passed one of these farms a young woman ran out and asked the time. "A quarter to six," we called back. "That," she said, with a somewhat worried look, "will be summer-time." She thanked us and then said, "Will you have a glass of milk?" We declined, and as we prepared to go on she said, "You wouldn't be after having a stamp, would you?" We had: did she want a penny or a twopenny one? A twopenny one would do, she said. By this time the woman's mother had come from the house, and called to her, "Give the ladies a glass of milk." We shall always remember their kindness and their desire to give us something for friendliness sake.

The Man With the Shears

The next day a weird-looking man came from one of the farms carrying an old-fashioned pair of sheep-shears. It was a hot day, but he wore a heavy coat reaching to his knees and a thick scarf round his head. He came up to us saying, "Have you anything for carache?" We said we feared we could do nothing for him; and he explained that he had toothache and carache and could get no rest. The doctor had given him some stuff, but it hadn't seemed to do any good. We remembered that we had two aspirins left, which we gladly gave him, hoping he might find a little relief from the pain, poor man, so much in need of help and so far from it.

We saw thousands of these little farms and houses—cabins as they are called. The only means of transport is the donkey cart, and it is a day's journey for their owners to go to the nearest town. They have no other communication with the world save when they can hail a passer-by. Yet there is always a cheery smile and a friendly wave of the hand wherever you meet them, and if they can be useful they will go out of their way to help you.

KEW IN COLOUR

Two things we all know about Kew Gardens—that they are the most beautiful place in London and that none of us goes to see them often enough.

For those who do not go at all and for those who go as often as they can the Director has prepared twelve lovely natural colour photographs showing the gardens through spring and summer. They are produced in an attractive book issued by the Stationery Office, which can be had from any bookseller or will be posted for 1s 6d plus postage.

If you will see again the little gentian, the yellow crocus, the nodding daffodil, and the bluebell carpet that is like nothing else in the world, send for one of these little books. We have published hundreds of thousands of pictures, but never one of a bluebell carpet as good as this.

THE OLD LADIES

The world has seen many changes since Madame Bombaron was born. She is believed to be the oldest woman in France, and has been celebrating her 107th birthday.

Mrs Mary Beare of Bexleyheath seems young beside her. She has been keeping her 103rd birthday, and declares that she is the happiest woman in the world.

From a Garret in Fleet Street To the Four Corners of the World



Dr Johnson rescues Goldsmith from his landlady

SOUTH KENSINGTON has just received a shabby little desk and the portrait of an obscure 18th-century doctor; and there are those who are as pleased with the gift as if it were a throne of gold.

For this desk, like the chair by which it now stands in the Victoria and Albert Museum, was Oliver Goldsmith's; the portrait is that of Dr Edward Hawes, who attended him in his last illness and would have saved him if Oliver had not made himself worse by taking a silly powder.

The memory of Goldsmith is so dear to us that anything associated with him would be treasured; but at this desk, seated in this old chair in a London garret, he wrote that famous classic, his only novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a book which has helped to extend the fame of English literature throughout the world, though it long lay scorned and neglected in a publisher's office.

Always in Scrapes

Oliver was Irish, born in 1730, a gifted, whimsical creature, son of a poor parson who, aided by a benevolent relative, managed to educate him at village schools, then at Dublin University, and afterwards at Edinburgh, seeing him fail to enter the Law, the Church, and the world of medicine. The youth was always in scrapes, always in poverty, getting knocked down for misdoing one day and being forgiven the next; eking out a living by writing ballads which he sold for five shillings, plus the delight of hearing them read or sung aloud at night under the lamps in the streets of Dublin.

There never was a more harum-scarum young genius. Once, being lent a horse and given a guinea and told to ride home, what must he do on arriving at a wayside village at nightfall but ask a roguish peasant for the best house in the neighbourhood. Of course he meant an inn, as the yokel knew, but he was sent to a mansion, which he entered with orders for an elaborate meal, which he invited the owner to share; then off he went to bed, giving a lordly order as to the nature of his breakfast.

In the morning, when asking for his bill, he found to his dismay that his host was the squire, who had entered into the joke and served him with all the deference and humility of a country innkeeper. There, in Oliver's own life, was the germ of his immortal play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

His whole life was a comedy of genius; a play ready-made for an understanding and appreciative dramatist. He left Edinburgh for the Continent, nominally to complete his studies in medicine; and he did somehow acquire his degree, but his only patient received from him so astounding a prescription that the chemist refused to commit murder by making it up, and that, coupled with his

failure to pass for a ship's doctor, ended his medical career.

On foot, with his flute as a wage-earner, he tramped Europe, winning bed and board and occasional money at such universities and monasteries as would admit him to a debate; and he returned penniless to England, a scholar, a traveller, an idiot in worldly affairs, as his friends all said, footing and fluting his way to London, to settle down as a hack writer for small publishers. Yet he was far too good for that. Let the famous Dr Johnson tell us what happened one day, for he was now, with Burke, Reynolds, and other fine spirits, among the little Irishman's sworn friends.

I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith (says Johnson) that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come directly.

I went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for debt. I began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady that I would soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60.

The manuscript rescued from the garret in such desperate circumstances was that of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Its price released its author from arrest, but its purchaser thought so little of it that he let it lie four years in his desk, until a poem appeared which delighted the world and made Goldsmith famous.

Something New in Literature

Published in 1766, the novel was recognised as something new and exquisite in literature. Reaching Goethe in a German translation, it became his life-long companion, and, as he said in his old age, was an influence of subtle spiritual blessing to him at an important moment of his mental history.

Where the actual *Wakefield* was we do not know, but we see it and its immortal characters as if we were in the habit of regularly visiting it. In this great story we have the delightful old vicar with his innocent little vanities, like Oliver's own, his only grief the habit of the squire of falling asleep at the most pathetic moment of the sermon; the vicar's wife, who could read any English book without much spelling and was unexcelled for pickling, preserving, and cookery; the daughter Olivia, who desired the love of many; her finer sister Sophia, who desired the love of only one; the scholar George, who travels Europe; and the queer and simple Moses, in whom is much of Oliver, particularly when he sells the

CARRYING WATER 242 MILES A New Wonder of the World

Defying the law of gravitation, says a writer in the *New York Times*, water will soon be flowing out of the Colorado River and into Southern California.

The Colorado River Aqueduct, now in construction, will take water from above Parker Dam, lift it more than 1600 feet, carry it over 242 miles of almost uninhabited mountains and deserts, and distribute it at the Southern California end through 150 miles of conduits.

As the water-level in Parker Dam reservoir is lower than the greater part of the area to be served, and much lower than the highest portions of the desert crossed by the aqueduct, five separate pumping stations are necessary along the route. Power for the first of these will be generated at Parker Dam. Power for the others will be brought from Boulder Dam.

The aqueduct has been called the greatest domestic water supply system in the history of engineering.

THE MOUSE THAT ATE THE STAMPS

The exhibition of stamps recently opened in London included a fine collection sent by the Rajah of Sarawak.

His exhibit was less representative than it would have been but for an unexpected assault upon his possessions. He formerly had a notable assembly of stamps gathered from all parts of the world, but insects got at them and devoured a great number.

A grown-up reader writes to us to say that insects are not the only enemies of stamps. One night a mouse entered his desk and could not be evicted, for it ran up the open space behind the inner end of the drawers and beyond pursuit.

Left in possession for the night, it made merry with the contents of the desk. In one drawer it found folded up about 60 English stamps. Whatever it may have thought of the quality of the paper its approval of the gum was unqualified, and not one of the stamps was left usable when the rightful owner came to inspect them in the morning.

POOR RABBIT

It is urgently necessary to reduce the rabbit population, but the thing can only be done by organised effort.

It is not very useful to clear a holding when it is promptly invaded again by rabbits from an adjoining property. It is necessary to deal with large areas by one operation. Cannot the Board of Agriculture make a general scheme and enforce its application?

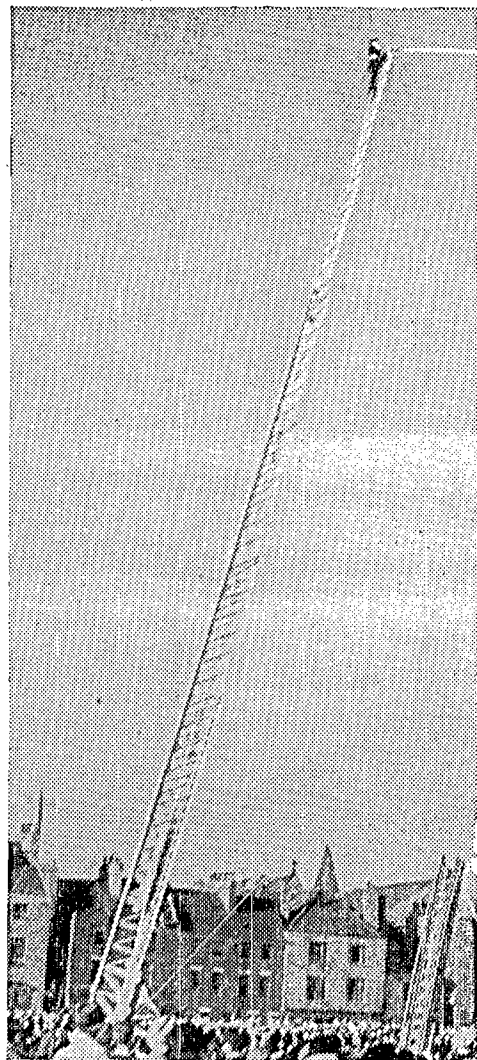
Continued from the previous column

stricken family's last horse for a boxful of green spectacles.

How the vicar's fortune was lost and how he had to take a rural curacy at £15 a year, where he was brought to a debtor's prison; how the wicked squire added woe to woe in the tale of misfortune till the fairy godfather rights wrong and punishes misdoing; how George comes home triumphant as the tide sets toward renewed fortune and happiness for all, even the undeserving: this we read for ourselves in the most perfect work of its kind in our language. Nowhere is there a more delightful prose idyll of beauty, wit, humour, and simple pathos, with tears of fleeting sadness and abiding joy.

And this fine tale was written by this delightful simpleton in a squalid garret in Wine Office Court, off Fleet Street, at the little desk which now belongs to us all. Goldsmith had many later triumphs, but it is the novel that enthrones him immortal in our hearts.

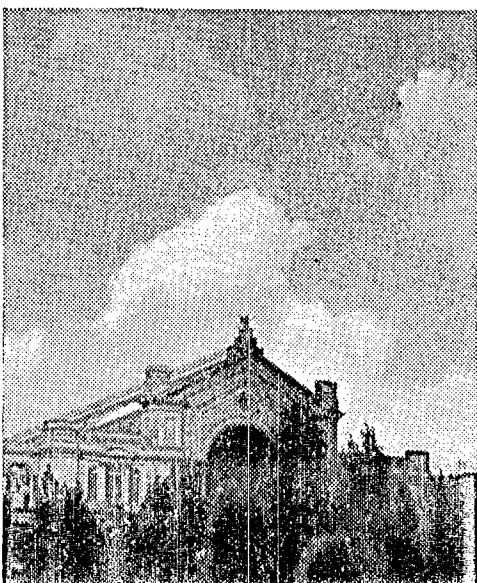
Three Wonders



Demonstrating a new 150-foot fire-escape at

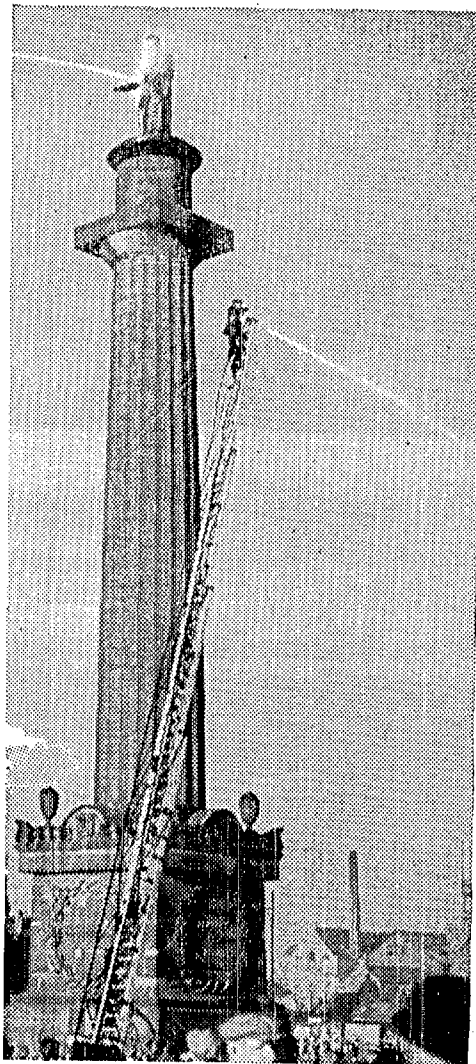


Floodlights for the celebrations at Los Angeles of

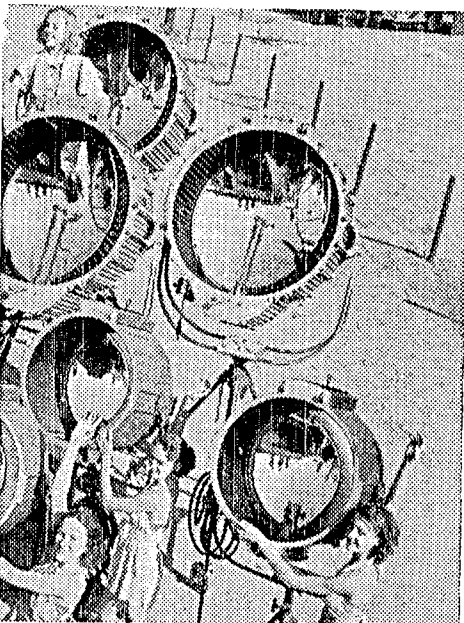


London's New Eye—The tel

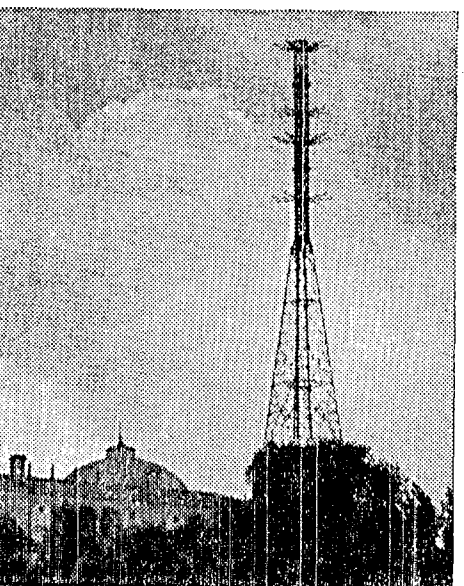
s in the News



by cleaning a statue of William Wilberforce



rival of hydro-electric power from Boulder Dam



n aerial at Alexandra Palace

A SALUTE IN DORSET

THE MEN WHO MARCHED IN CHAINS

Mrs Llewellyn Remembers the Days That Have Gone

THIS ENGLAND THEN

A little boy of five was once walking with his father when he saw a dismal sight. Down the English highroad came a party of men in chains.

All his life he remembered how his father made him stop and take off his hat, and in later life he was proud to think he had paid his tribute to the Tolpuddle Martyrs.

He has gone to his rest, but his daughter, Mrs Llewellyn, is still living in Poole, and she has been telling a Dorset newspaper man of the things she can remember 81 years ago when she was a child of four.

Life in "the Good Old Days"

She remembers the coach driving into Blandford. She remembers the pretty crinoline dresses. She remembers the leisurely days when her father walked 18 miles each Sunday to attend a Methodist meeting.

But she does not call them good old days.

She remembers her father taking a loaf to a family that had eaten only turnips for three days. She remembers seeing beds covered in sacks because the people could not buy blankets. A farm labourer earned 8s a week, the price of eight 2-lb loaves.

Mrs Llewellyn remembers "a very bright sort of lad" who was caught poaching and was sent to penal servitude for seven years. She remembers another lad of 18 who had to work 12 hours a day, and took a Saturday off. The farmer took him before the magistrates and he had a fortnight's imprisonment.

It is hard to realise that all those dismal things existed within living memory, and it is a glorious tribute to the forbearance of the working-people that those wrongs have been righted without bloodshed and civil war. In no country in the world today is there greater freedom for the individual or a higher standard of living for the working-man than in this England which sent the Tolpuddle men to Australia in a convict ship because they had joined a trade union.

Revolution Without Blood

By the time Mrs Llewellyn's father had grown up it was no longer a crime to belong to a trade union, but it needed courage still. He started a branch of the Agricultural Union, and she remembers him saying he was glad to get home safely at night, because the farmers had promised him a swim in the river.

Like the Tolpuddle Martyrs and so many other humble reformers, he was a Methodist preacher. Perhaps this spirit of Methodism in our revolting peasants is not without significance when we remember that England had her revolution without blood. There was Methodism in the Llewellyn family's veins, and Mrs Llewellyn's great-grandfather walked five miles every Saturday night in order to put his watch right and not be late for chapel on Sunday.

Now Big Ben gives the time to nearly every cottage in the land. Mrs Llewellyn has lived through 85 wonderful years, and has seen life get steadily better for her countrymen. We hope she will live to see a hundred candles on her cake—and peace in Europe.

STRANGE CLAIM

One of the strangest claims ever made on a public body in England was recently received by the Leicester Public Assistance Committee.

It was for £10 expenses incurred for mourning by a family which had been informed in error that one of its members had died in a Leicester institution.

Salisbury Spire is Calling To the Nation



Constable's beautiful painting of Salisbury Cathedral

There is great anxiety about the safety of the loveliest spire in England, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

DURING a gale six years ago the spire cracked and moved, and the necessary repairs have been carried out too slowly for the vital importance of the work. The lack of funds provides for only two masons on the staff, and the Dean has issued an appeal for £10,000 to finish repairs before another violent gale does further damage.

Set on a tower of exquisite beauty, this spire rises to 404 feet, the highest in our land. Though built in the 14th century, 70 years after the rest of the cathedral, the spire was undoubtedly included in the original design for the whole. Without its spire Salisbury Cathedral cost about £250,000 as we value money today. Bishop Richard Poore founded it to replace the cathedral at Old Sarum, and lived to see part of it completed, for it was only 38 years in building. It was a Wiltshire man, Richard Farley, who built the spire, for the glory of his county, and his work is known all the world over, for Constable put it on his most famous canvas.

Lightness in mass as well as elegance in form were essential for so ambitious a spire, so we find that the bases of its walls are only two feet thick, while the top courses are nine inches thick. Lightning was the chief fear of the medieval builder, for the practice of leaving the inner scaffolding as a support (and still to be seen here) would avail little against that elemental force. Believing that some sacred relic would preserve the spire, the builder set in the cap-stone a woven fabric of the Madonna. This was placed in a wooden box enclosed in a box of lead, and was found by some workmen in 1762.

Old St Paul's

A similar method of preserving the spire of Old St Paul's in London is in the records. In the year 1315 a new cross, gleaming with gold, was set on the spire. Coming in great and solemn procession, Gilbert of Segrave, Bishop of London, placed many relics in it, including a reputed fragment of the Cross "in order that the omnipotent God and the glorious merits of His Saints, whose relics were contained within the pommel of the cross, might deign to protect it from danger."

The spire of Old St Paul's was at least 100 feet higher than that of Salisbury, so high indeed that it passed into a proverb as "Paul's steeple of honour," implying the highest point that could be attained. Built of wood covered with lead, it was twice struck by lightning,

the fire in 1561 burning downward for four hours and actually melting the bells.

Modern knowledge, however, has reduced the danger of lightning, but constant care and attention alone will ward off the effects of wind and weather. As long ago as the 15th century the tithes of Cricklade were set aside to maintain Salisbury's tall spire steeple in sound condition. Sir Christopher Wren surveyed it later, and found that it was leaning 23 inches toward the south. For the guidance of succeeding architects he inserted a piece of metal in the floor below to show the extent of the lean, a movement which did not increase till a few years ago.

Graceful Pinnacles

The more perfect the proportions of a building, and the more it depends for each part for the stresses and strains to which every building is subject, the more important it is to watch each member of the fabric. In the 13th century, the very ornaments played their part, the graceful pinnacles acting as weights to counter some pressure elsewhere. The guardian of a cathedral must therefore replace at once any pinnacle which, worn by the weather, drops to the ground, and this has happened at Salisbury.

Again, just as our prevailing south-west winds, laden with moisture, make our trees bow to the north-east, so they crumble the stone against which they beat and make it weak to resist the pressure from the opposite side. It may be the foundations of the cathedral itself that have given rise to the tilt of the spire. Wren declared that the cathedral should not have been erected on the spongy bog on which it stands, and that the slender seven-foot-wide piers could never have been intended to support the tons of masonry in tower and spire. The piers of Peterborough are as slender, and proved too weak for the tower, which had to be replaced with lighter material.

Artists, poets, preachers, and thinkers all have found inspiration in this old building which has the beauty of perpetual youth. No shrine in England has been more often painted, and it had an attraction for our greatest landscape painter, John Constable, which lasted until his death. He painted it first for his friend Bishop Fisher to give to his daughter on her marriage, and for the last time when his own life was closing.

This lovely spire is our heritage from a far-off age which achieved a perfection which we can only regard as inspired; and it is for us to preserve so matchless a monument of our race and our faith for the ages yet to be.

THE FAMILY AND THE WAGE BILL

A New Idea and How it Works

A GREAT SOCIAL SERVICE

The old idea of wages was that so much an hour or so much a piece was paid to a man, no matter whether he was a single man with no dependents or married with several children. This is still how wages are commonly paid.

The new idea is that a man with a family ought to be paid more than one who has no children, and that therefore there should be a "Family Allowance."

The principle of paying more when there are dependents has been recognised in several ways.

Thus, in the Great War, the nation paid to the families of serving soldiers what was called a Separation Allowance, so much for the soldier's wife and so much for his children.

Need and Benefit

So it is with Unemployment Benefit. Each adult man pays the same weekly sum to the Insurance Fund, but the benefit received by an insured man when he is out of work varies with the size of his family. That is really a recognition of the principle that need should govern benefit.

Many economists favour the new system, and it is notable that the London School of Economics has put it into practice. It pays a definite salary to its men whether they have families or not, but pays them an additional sum for each child. If the child is under 13 the extra payment is £30 a year; if the child is over 13, and still receiving full-time education, the payment is raised to £60 a year.

The chief difficulty in applying this system in practice is that an individual employer might be tempted to pay less by engaging only unmarried men or men with small families. The French devised a plan to avoid this. Employers in a trade are grouped, and they pay into a pool fund a sum to cover the family allowances in proportion to the size of their businesses and independently of the number of children belonging to their employees. Then the fund pays the family allowances to the workmen, the employer paying a flat rate of wage to each man.

What is Done in France

This happy system was begun in a small way in 1920 and worked voluntarily until 1932. In that year 255 funds had come into operation, reaching 1,850,000 workers.

Then the French Government recognised the plan and made it general and compulsory, fixing minimum and maximum rates. All employers of manual workers, including farmers, have to obey this law, and last year the number of workers covered was 5,250,000.

The system has produced some fine results. The fund authorities have established dispensaries, clinics, rest homes for mothers, and educational courses. Mothers have gladly learned domestic science, and children have become cleaner and neater.

1 2 3

50,000 greetings telegrams are sent in this country every week.

23,000,000 families in the United States have wireless sets.

813,349,110 apples come from Canada to this country every year.

977,409,000 gallons of milk were produced in Britain last year.

£750,000 is paid out every year by the Post Office in annuities.

£5,600,000 worth of dried fruits were imported into the United Kingdom in 1935.

£350,000,000 is contributed to charities in the United States every year.

The City Waiting For Doomsday

Who can talk without emotion of life in doomed Madrid today, or who can imagine the poignant waking every morning of hundreds of thousands of people hearing the guns at the gate and seeing the bombers in the sky?

Through all the terrible days that have passed the iron ring has been closing round the doomed city.

General Franco's artillery took up its position in the gaps. Tanks moved up in support. Aeroplanes which had already appeared above Madrid and the Escorial, the palace of the Spanish kings, a few miles distant, were threatening the capital and marking positions for gunfire.

The Heart of Spain

It was clear that nothing could save the capital; but because Madrid, with a million inhabitants, is so straggling and widespread there could be no certainty how long it might be before the grip would close and the city would be forced to surrender.

So far the Spanish Civil War has offered few examples of easy victories or weak resistance, and there has never been any reason to suppose that the doomed city of Madrid would show a less unbending spirit. It remains in many ways, even in these bitter days, the heart of Spain.

Within a lifetime there has been only one siege to compare with this, the Siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870, which was followed by that of the forces under Marshal MacMahon in 1871. The first siege lasted from September 15 till January 28 in the next year, 136 days.

During this siege the most disorderly and dissatisfied elements in the population were gathering force and substance. When peace was proclaimed they revolted against the Republican Government, and on March 28 took possession of Paris in the name of the Commune. Their possession of the capital was denounced by Gambetta, who had strained every nerve to save Paris from the Germans, and the city was again besieged by Marshal MacMahon. This siege lasted 65 days.

One account of the double siege of Paris was written by an eye-witness, M. A. J. Dalreme, who was present throughout, and it is as vivid as any of the many that exist.

The First Siege of Paris

At the first threat of siege volunteers from Normandy and the Marne flocked into Paris, which normally had 80,000 regular troops, 115,000 Gardes Mobiles, and 100,000 Gardes Nationales as defenders. Almost immediately the gay life of Paris ended.

Lorries took the place of carriages and brought in food and munitions, the Tuileries was filled with gun carriages and horses, the Champ de Mars became an entrenched camp, the ramparts were fortified, and the avenues radiating from the Arc de Triomphe were packed with soldiers.

Gambetta escaped by balloon in October and went into the provinces to raise a relief army. Sorties were repulsed by the Germans in November and December, and the bombardment of the fortifications began two days after Christmas. The open city was shelled in January, and after another ineffective sortie Paris surrendered.

How had Paris fared in its time of trial? Fuel was soon a difficulty. The trees of the city soon followed the forests outside it, and were cut down for firing. There was an early spy scare, and all sorts and conditions of people, men and women, priests and workmen, soldiers and shopkeepers, were put under lock and key if they were not shot.

There was no milk for children and many died. The authorities quite failed to cope with the failure of supplies, though the food cards began to ration, first the supply of horseflesh, and then that of bread. A war bread of rye flour was issued, but only about ten ounces a day for each person were available.

At first Paris tried to make light of it, and restaurants used to offer rat cutlets with mutton flavour. But the jest did not last long. Packs of abandoned dogs roamed the streets. But they did not roam long; they were eaten, like the rats and the cats. Even the animals of the Jardin des Plantes, the Paris Zoo, were sacrificed; first the birds, then the kangaroos, and at last the two elephants.

It was in these hours, even before the collapse of the fortifications and the ruin of a number of public buildings by bombardment, that the first signs of lawless discontent appeared. The siege had not rid Paris of its riff-raff, its criminals, its anarchists. While the city's fate trembled in the balance placards began to appear, *Vive la Commune*—Up with the Communists!

Horrors of the Commune

Paris surrendered and was ransomed at a grievous cost, but the ugly threat of Communism was not stifled. During the peace negotiations it went underground, but three months after Communism reared its head. On March 21 there was a fight between a crowd of Communists and men of the National Guard. It took place in the Rue de la Paix, and, though about 20 men were killed in the riot, nobody thought anything more would come of it.

The hope was mistaken. A week later the Commune, the communistic republic, was proclaimed, barricades were run up in the streets, and the Red Flag was raised instead of the tricolour. In that hour the International Union of Communists was founded.

Paris was back to the days of the first siege. The city was to become a battlefield within its own borders. A new siege, lasting 65 days, was begun, with the French army under Marshal MacMahon as besiegers. The Communists ruled with an iron hand. They arrested all suspected of plotting against them, priests, journalists, shopkeepers, heads of companies, and members of the National Guard. They suppressed the newspapers. Visits were paid to private houses and made the excuse for pillage. The Vendome column was pulled down. But this was only the prelude to what happened, when the pressure from without of the Government forces under MacMahon grew severe.

Paris and Madrid

Then it was the Communists who had their backs to the wall, and who fought like savages at their barricades to keep out the Government troops. They rounded up some hundreds of private citizens and shot them down. They did what they could to fire the city, burning down one quarter.

In the burning houses men and women and children were left to perish. As a last act, before Commune and Communists were swept away, they arrested some of the most prominent supporters of the Government, the Archbishop of Paris among them, and executed them. The regular troops were unfortunately just too late to save these innocent men.

This was the aftermath of the first siege of Paris. So may it not be with Madrid or Spain, where the forces which bind together a nation seem in this hour weaker than those which would tear it apart. Spain has no enemy without. It is the enemy within its borders which it has most to fear.

THE CRUSADER'S SWORD

Arms Surrendered in Palestine and the Sudan

Now that warlike troubles are dying down in Palestine there should be a great surrender of arms in Arab hands.

Surprises have already been forthcoming from some captured during the disturbances, and we may expect more.

Among the hauls made by our troops have been astonishing collections of weapons of German, Turkish, and British origin. The arms of many nationalities were left in Arab possession after the Great War, when rifles, bombs, and ammunition were abandoned by Turks and Germans and by our own men.

The arms and munitions were secured and secreted by the natives, who consider a gun as much part of a man's outfit as his cloak and camel.

But some of the arms in Palestine may be of much older date than 1918. When Kitchener was fighting the Dervishes in the Sudan he had brought to him many swords which had been used by Crusaders and had ever since been in native possession.

The last Crusade was fought in 1272; he recovered the lost weapons more than 600 years afterwards, and the Editor of the CN has a Crusader's sword brought home from Sudan wars.

THE PEANUT OUSTS THE OLIVE

The users of olive oil in this country have been anxiously watching the conflict in Spain, for from that country come large quantities of this product.

The price of olive oil now amounts to £90 a ton, and the woollen manufacturers, who use it extensively, have been searching for a substitute. Mr Walter Garner, the chief chemist at the Manington Mills in Bradford, has succeeded in evolving a substitute which is as efficient as olive oil and cheaper.

This new product is a form of arachis oil, which is obtained from the arachis (the common peanut), and has long been used in the soap industry. After treatment by special process this nut-oil is as useful to textile manufacturers as olive oil, and it costs less than £50 a ton.

A native of Brazil, the arachis plant thrives in most warm climates and is extensively grown in India and Nigeria.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE YORKSHIRE HILLS

Mr Wray of Camhouses, near Askrigg in Yorkshire, has never been late for school in the last seven years. Morning after morning, summer and winter, he has reached the school door punctually, though he has never gone in for lessons.

Every morning he drove in his trap five miles from Cotterdale to gather up schoolchildren, and then went on another two miles to Hardraw, which he had to reach before nine. In the afternoon he arrived at Hardraw in time to pick up his little charges and drive them to their homes among the Pennines, and they always knew he would be waiting for them as soon as they ran out of doors. The only time Mr Wray did not appear when expected was in February 1933, when he was snowed up for a week.

A CRAZY MAN SAVES THREE MINUTES

In a certain American city the police conducted a test of two motor-cars over a 12-mile course through the city. One driver was told to take many chances and drive as fast as possible; to save seconds even if by doing so he had to drive recklessly. The other was to drive sensibly. The crazy driver saved exactly three minutes—or 15 seconds a mile.

THE RADIANT HYADES

Beautiful Star-Cluster
in the Evening Sky

MARVELS OF ALDEBARAN

By the C N Astronomer

The glory of the south-east sky now is the radiance of the Pleiades and the Hyades.

Their soft clustered light strikes the eye at once, and with the accompanying star-map their details may be noted on any clear dark night after about 8 o'clock; but the later the better, when there is no moonlight and the clusters are at a higher altitude.

The Pleiades appear much smaller and more compact than the V-shaped Hyades; actually they are much the larger group, but at an average distance of about 320 light-years, while the average distance of the Hyades is not more than 136 light-years.

The Hyades consist of about 80 stars, most of them perceptible in good field-glasses, while at least 20 may be counted on a dark night by the naked eye when they are high in the sky. They present a sublime spectacle, particularly when we reflect that all these great flaming suns are held together in a group and impelled onward with terrific speed, all in the same direction toward the east, by hidden forces operating over immense voids that exist between the stars, which appear to us so near together.

So immense is the cluster that it will take upward of 100,000 years to travel the extent of its own diameter of 176,579,100 million miles. Light would take thirty years to travel this distance. Seen through the glasses the scene is grand, the numerous pairs of suns being a striking feature, with the rosy Aldebaran in the "foreground," as it were.

Whereas the Hyades are on an average 8,600,000 times farther away than our Sun, Aldebaran is only about 3,600,000 times. This applies also to the little star Sigma 1, and possibly Sigma 2, which would appear to be distant companions of this giant.

The Bull's Eye

Aldebaran is the chief star of Taurus, the Bull, and so situated that it is popularly known as the Bull's Eye; it is not part of the Hyades and is speeding southward. Some 71 million worlds the size of ours could be enclosed within a sphere the size of Aldebaran. It has a diameter of about 32,928,000 miles, and were it as near to us as our Sun its disc would appear 38 times wider than that of our Sun.

Though Aldebaran has a surface about 1444 times greater, its heat only averages about 3800 degrees Centigrade as compared with 6000 degrees of our Sun's surface; but, taking into account Aldebaran's immense area of surface, we see that our world would speedily be burnt up were Aldebaran as near as our Sun. It is not likely to be, however, because it is receding from us at about 35 miles a second, and with it is travelling a faint thirteenth-magnitude companion sun that radiates only one-thousandth the light of our Sun.

Iris, the little world described in the C N for October 10, is now almost at its nearest; its position and path are shown on the star-map.

G. F. M.

GOOD HARVEST

With wheat rising in price it is good to have the Russian claim that the Soviet harvest this year is successful. The yield is said to exceed that of all previous years.

MEETING PEOPLE

We meet people almost every day of our lives, and, as someone has said, it is always an adventure. Discovering America is hardly less exciting than meeting a stranger and finding out what he is like, what qualities he has, and all the unexplored continent of his mind.

History and literature are full of meetings of people, often with far-reaching consequences. In the Bible we read of David going out to meet Goliath. Roland meeting Oliver, Sohrab and Rustam, Dante and Beatrice, these will be spoken of for all time; and will the world ever forget the dramatic meeting of Stanley and Livingstone in the heart of Africa, and the queerly formal way in which Stanley said, "Dr Livingstone, I presume?"

In a World of Snow and Ice

Not so well known is the story of how Nansen and Jackson, two explorers near the North Pole, met in a world of snow and ice. Jackson, who had been sent to the Arctic Circle in 1894, had been searching for Nansen. When he met him he had no idea that the unshaved, unwashed man in front of him was Nansen, but after talking a minute or two he said suddenly, "I say, you aren't Nansen, are you?"

"I am," was the reply.

"By jove," cried Jackson, "I am glad to see you!"

It was rather an odd meeting so far from civilisation.

How much we owe to the meeting of Gilbert and Sullivan, and how much to the meeting of Robert Browning and that frail girl Elizabeth Barrett. But for the chance meeting in Yorkshire of a young Irish curate and a delicate Cornish girl we might never have had those three wonderful sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, children of a marriage between Patrick Brontë and Maria Branwell; and we love the story of that day when Charlotte, the unknown Yorkshire woman whose book Jane Eyre was the best-seller of the day, knocked very timidly at the door of her publishers in London and apologised for not being a man, as the publishers had expected.

A Thrilling Moment

That was a thrilling moment for young Lyon Playfair, the scientific Jack of All Trades of last century, when he met his father and mother for the first time in 22 years. Sent home from India when a baby, he did not see his parents again till he went down to meet them at Southampton. It was strange that he could not recognise his own mother and father among the passengers on board, but as he hurried up the gangway he noticed a beautiful lady and a handsome man. He made his way toward them. "Pardon me, sir," he said to the man, "could you point out Dr Playfair to me?"

"I am Dr Playfair," said the gentleman, "and this is your dear mother."

GOOD TIDINGS FROM NEW ZEALAND

The prisons of New Zealand are not nearly as full as they were a few years ago. In 1932 there were 3401 people in prison, but this year the prison population has fallen to 2158, a reduction of no less than 1243.

New Zealand-born prisoners this year totalled only 1256, which is 700 less than four years ago.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

- Nov. 1. Earl Canning first Viceroy of India 1858
- Jenny Lind died near Malvern . . . 1887
- Edward V born at Westminster . . . 1470
- James Montgomery, poet, born at Irvine 1771
- William of Orange landed at Torbay . 1688
- Kate Greenaway, artist, died at Hampstead 1901
- Madame Curie born at Warsaw . . . 1867

England's Dutch King

The landing of William III in England, by the invitation of the English people, gave a fresh start to the system of government here. It established government by Party, which has remained ever since except in times of great temporary stress, such as during the wars of Napoleon and the war of 1914-1918.

William's mother was an English princess, and he married an English princess, his cousin. So, when James II proved himself quite impossible as a king, William, though a Dutchman, was offered the Crown, and James ran away.

William was never popular personally because he was cold in feeling and stiff in manner, but he was very shrewd in his judgment of foreign affairs, and before his death his English subjects had learned to respect his sound ability as a statesman. Indeed, he takes rank among the English kings who have been decidedly able men.



WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE

Described By Experts

There can be no doubt that the study of animal life is one of the most fascinating subjects in the world.

A work which has already become a standard in its class, Wonders of Animal Life, is now being issued in weekly parts at 7d. It is not a natural history in the ordinary sense of the term, but a book as absorbing in its interest as any novel. No one could read it without being struck by the wonderful panorama of life unfolded.

The latest ideas and information about the monkeys, man's nearest kin in the animal world, are described by Sir Arthur Keith. If these interesting creatures are not to become extinct, he says, they will have to be carefully looked after in their native haunts.

Marvels of animal coloration are dealt with by Mr W. P. Pycraft, the authority on animal camouflage, and Miss Frances Pitt discusses the interesting question, Do animals reason?

There are also chapters on the lighter side of animal life, their methods of play, beauty parades among the birds, strange animal friendships, the language of birds, and so on. The marvellous commonwealths of the bees, ants, and termites are fully described. Indeed, there is scarcely any phase of animal life that does not find a place in this wonderful work, which is illustrated with over 50 magnificent plates and 2500 photographs. Parts One and Two are now ready.

THE THAMES CAT

London has a sailor cat which, in naval language, is in receipt of pay.

He costs the ratepayers one shilling a month. His name is Peter, and he is stationed on H M S President, anchored in the Thames near the C N office.

He has been stationed there for nine years, and has grown so used to his nautical life that the idea of a change, or even the company of another cat, is resented by him.

SOMETHING GOOD FROM GERMANY

Helping Poor Couples To Marry

HALF A MILLION NEW HOMES MADE

One of the many interesting social measures of the German Government deserving notice is the assistance given to poor young couples desiring to get married. The law helps them to set up a home.

Not every poor couple can obtain this boon. The man and woman have to show that they are Germans and that they are healthy in every respect; presumably their blood must be free from foreign poison. For such people the law provides that loans up to £50 are to be lent, repayable at the rate of one per cent a month. No interest at all is demanded, the one per cent repaying the loan. Thus, if £50 is borrowed the sum is paid off at 10s a month and completely discharged in 100 months.

How different from our own case! What a poor couple does here is to start a home on the expensive hire-purchase system, paying high prices and heavy interest, often for rubbishy furniture.

Reducing Unemployment

The German couples are not given cash, but coupons enabling them to buy household goods. Further, when a child is born a quarter of the loan is wiped out and all repayments are suspended for twelve months.

Over a million young Germans have now made homes under this beneficent law. The law is something more than a marriage law, for it has great and far-reaching social effects. There are fine children, well cared for, in the new homes. Many of the girls who married under the law were in factories and gave up their paid work to found happy homes—a splendid thing for them and for their country. When girls leave industry they make more room for men and enable men to marry. It has been a measure to reduce unemployment and increase happiness.

Here, surely, is a thing for emulation.

THE BARBER'S SHOP WITHOUT A BARBER

Russia, the last home of the beard, is planning a new kind of barber's shop.

The safety razor has made slow progress there, and those who have not preferred to keep their beards generally trusted to the old-fashioned scimitar blade of our grandfathers.

But Moscow, moving with the times and realising that progressive peoples are clean shaven, has installed barber's shops where customers are invited to shave themselves by the most modern methods. If they do not know the way a woman is in attendance to give them tips. But the barber who lathered, shaved, and gave the customer tips about the political situation is no more.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of October 1911

The Pall That Hangs Over London. One of the features of London life which always surprises the visitor is the dreadful pall which often hangs above the capital in winter, the London fog. The fogs of winter cause such an upsetting of business that a careful reckoning estimates the damage to trade at £5,000,000 a year.

Every day in winter smoke is issuing in London from the chimneys of about 600,000 private houses and about 15,000 factories. The result is that each square mile of air over London contains six tons of smuts.

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Give your children the great advantage of access to this, the best of all Educational Works

<p>The Children's Newspaper COUPON for FREE BOOKLETS</p> <p>To The Educational Book Co., Ltd., Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.</p> <p>Please forward me FREE the Handbook of "Things to Make and Do" and the Booklet describing The Children's Encyclopedia and showing how I can have the ten volumes carriage paid on acceptance of first subscription of 5/-.</p> <p>NAME</p> <p>ADDRESS</p> <p>OCCUPATION C.N.40</p>		<p>Give your child a taste of real happiness by sending for the Free Handbook of "Things to Make and Do" and for the Delightful Booklet in Colour describing The Children's Encyclopedia.</p> <p>Fill in and Post</p> <p>COUPON</p> <p>without money TODAY</p>
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BANTU PHILOSOPHER

Rise of an African Native

A Bantu native of Natal has been given the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of South Africa.

He is the Rev John Langalibalele Dube, and is the first of his race to be honoured by the university.

Dr Dube has been a member of all the native conferences called by the Government in the past 15 years, for his work for his people has embraced education and the production of a newspaper. He is the Booker Washington of South Africa.

Born at Inanda in 1870, John Dube left Adam's College at 17 to study in America, returning as pastor of his native town. After a second visit to America to study theology he founded in 1901 the school for native boys known as the Ohlange Institute, and three years later he founded the first and only Zulu newspaper in Natal.

The Bantu race of which Dr Dube is so distinguished a member is the dominant native race in South and Central Africa, nearly 5,000,000 living in the Union of South Africa. It is estimated that they have flourished there for over 2000 years, successors of the Bushmen, a primitive people who are today found in the south-west of Africa.

The Bantu languages (about 400) are spoken by some 50 million natives of Africa who live to the south of the great lakes, near which they are believed to have originated. Kaffirs, Zulus, Basutos, and Matabele are all members of the Bantu race in the south of Africa.

ON THE TAIL OF THE PLANE

A Way They Had in Alaska

To send letters by air mail an extra fee is usually charged, although in some cases the ordinary postage rates apply.

In Alaska, however, a number of settlers have been sending messages by air without cost. Many of the landing-grounds at lonely settlements are quite open, and settlers wishing to communicate with friends at other stopping-places have been in the habit of writing messages, when not observed, on the tail of a plane. Replies would be anxiously looked for on the plane's return.

It is an expensive business to operate an airline, and so it has been decided to stop the practice. Messages must go as letters in future and be paid for.

CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C N Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Why Do We Stand Our Pianos on Glasses?

To absorb the sound; these glasses act as insulators.

What Was the Twopenny Tube, and How Did It Get Its Name?

The Central London unit in the Underground Railways of London was originally so called because the fare between any two stations throughout its course from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush was 2d.

What is the Seating Capacity of the Albert Hall, London?

The auditorium is designed for 8000 people, but in the orchestra there is also room for 1000 singers and 200 instrumentalists.

What is the Meaning of On Tom Tiddler's Ground?

Tiddler is a contraction of The Idler. The popular game among children represents the efforts of Tom to keep invaders from the ground which they declare him to be too idle to defend.

Why Does Furniture Creak?

Owing to the friction between hard and dry members forming it. A few drops of oil inserted at the point of friction provide a smooth surface for the rubbing, and consequently the elimination of the noise.

THE STUDENT AND HIS BOOKS

Wolverhampton Has an Idea For Him

LIBRARY'S INSPIRATION

Students who have to study in cramped bedrooms, or rooms at home where there is no space for books and no peace for themselves, may well wish themselves at Wolverhampton.

Here, in the new wing of the Central Library, is a quiet room for just such students. It is furnished with widely spaced desks designed by the Chief Librarian, allowing the student plenty of table space, so that he may sit with all he wants around him.

Each weekday from 9 in the morning till 9.30 at night this room is open free to any Wolverhampton student. All he has to do is to sign his name as he passes through the Reference Library on his way to the Study. All the books in the library are near for reference, and he may take his own text books with him.

Wolverhampton's Chief Librarian, Mr William Beeston, must be congratulated on what seems to us a unique idea, the first study for students attached to any of our public libraries; and we share with him the hope that other libraries will open up similar opportunities for other students. Many librarians must soon be wondering why they never thought of the idea themselves.

To students and other members of the public we echo the words on the card with which Wolverhampton advertises its municipal libraries:

Don't hesitate to make full use of any of the services: they are yours. You pay for them; why not use them to your advantage?

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

The World History and British History broadcasts next week both contain dramatic episodes; the first set in ancient Athens, the second in a medieval English village.

Perhaps the most interesting broadcast of the week will be Friday's on Coal. We shall hear the sounds of a coalmine and make an imaginary trip to the coal face.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Plant Cell—How Plants are Built Up: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 A Song Lesson: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Talk on the American Presidential Election: by Stephen King-Hall. 2.5 Rats and Voles: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from Shakespeare's Tempest. 3.0 Concert Lesson—The Art of Haydn; Chamber Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Golden Age of the Greeks: by Naomi Mitchison. 2.30 Animal Behaviour: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 North America—The Southern States: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 The Earliest English Homes: by G. M. Bumphrey. 2.30 Keeping the Peace: by Sybil Clarke.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Island Orchard of Australia: by Ralph Piddington. 2.30 Coal—a picture of a coalmine: by F. C. Boden. 3.0 A Story with Music—Peer Gynt. 3.20 Music Interlude under the direction of Scott Goddard. 3.35 Manchuria, Spring-board of Asia: by Dame Rachel Crowley.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Coal and Ships: by K. H. Huggins. 2.30 Colin Milne on Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's Jock of the Bushveldt.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—How the Town Lives (Interlude).

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 News Review by J. Spencer Muirhead. 2.20 Music—Other Chromatic Notes: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 One King Over Scotland: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—The Nasal Sounds: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Schubert—A new note in song: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.10 Fruits and Their Purposes: by R. J. D. Graham.

THE CHARIOT RACE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 21

Philip Answers the Call

LEONIDAS and the others remarked afterwards that as soon as Philip dashed through the crowd round the burning pavilion he appeared no longer to show any signs of alarm. And this was so, not because he was feeling no fear, but because he was steeling himself to give courage to his dear horses and calming his nerves in order to bring calmness to theirs.

He did not plunge recklessly into the blaze, but cast a steady glance round, then, before any could stay him, he ran to the back of the tent where Critias had cut a way through.

He drew a deep breath, then, pressing his lips tight together, he crawled in on all fours, with the thick smoke around him.

"He is finished!" whimpered Jason.

"The smoke will suffocate him."

And Leonidas was shouting to him to come back. "Back! Come back, I command thee!" he bellowed.

But Philip went crawling on. Where a man might venture no longer the lad on his hands and knees was worming his way, with his tunic drawn over his head now to combat the smoke.

The heat must have been intense. But Philip crept on.

And then miraculously he appeared to have risen erect, and was shielding his face with his arms while he spoke to his horses. He spoke soothingly, addressing each one by name. "O Morning Star, tis Philip who cometh to seek thee. O Flash of Light! O gentle Glory! Pay heed!"

Then he bade them master their fears and stand still while he freed them.

As his voice died away the screams of the horses and their frantic plunging seemed less.

"The smoke and the flames have mastered the brave lad," moaned Hyllus.

But even as he spoke the horses emerged. And after them came Philip, grimed, staggering, gasping for breath.

It was Hyllus who got to him first and, picking him up in his arms, carried him off to the pavilion of the physicians, while Leonidas, assured by a nod from his kinsman that Philip had not suffered any harm, devoted himself to looking after his steeds. "We can win after all!" he cried to Jason. "For there is little amiss with them, thanks to my Philip!"

In the meantime there was bewilderment among the crowd, few of whom were fully aware of the issue. Those on the distant slopes and those round the stadium could see little of what was happening, while the nobles and others of standing in the enclosures had been too concerned for the safety of their own pavilions to join themselves to those on the spot of the fire.

The young man Laius with his friend Galen on the far slopes, who had been the first to detect the wisp of smoke rising and had started to force their way to the scene, now hurried back breathlessly with the news for their neighbours. The horses of the farmer had not been destroyed. All four had been saved. "A rescue most wondrous!" cried Laius.

But what would the judges do now, the people asked next. Would the judges give the farmer time for his steeds to recover by postponing the *quadrigae* for a little time longer? They were not kept long in suspense, for the heralds passed round, announcing that their own contest would precede the chariots.

CHAPTER 22

The Wrath of the Furies?

AND while the heralds were mightily striving together the ruddy face of Leonidas shone with great joy. For his horses were sound as a bell and eager for victory, and he waited only for Critias to return from the physicians, who would soon have restored his scorched arm with their balms. Thus he kept telling Hyllus, who had rejoined him, till eventually Hyllus broke troubled silence.

"O Leonidas," he sighed, "prepare for bad news. The arm of thy charioteer hath been injured so grievously that the physicians pronounce it unusable. He will handle no reins, they avow, for these many moons yet."

Well knowing what a blow this would be to his kinsman, Hyllus turned his head away as he broke the bad news. So he did not see how Leonidas caught at his breath and how all the new happiness died out of his face. "Now am I undone, O Hyllus!" he uttered at last. "Most verily hath the wrath of the Furies pursued me!"

Hyllus inclined his head.

Then, plucking at his arm with unsteady fingers, Leonidas murmured, "Yet selfish am I in my grief. I should have asked of you how that brave lad be faring."

"Thy stable-lad doth well," rejoined Hyllus, relieved. "For lo! while the grave physicians were pondering around him, there strideth into their midst a man of great age, who, asserting himself more cunning in healing than any, demanded that they deliver the lad to his care."

"And did they so?"

"Yea, verily. For the ancient was Hippocrates, son of Orestes. Thou hast heard of his fame?"

"Who hath not!" responded Leonidas. "Never hath Hippocrates missed an Olympiad in living remembrance. And his craft in tending small hurts is unequalled, they say."

"Tis so."

"Then do I rejoice that Apollo hath sent him to Philip. And now to consider my own plight," continued Leonidas, whose tenacious will was at work again. "Consider, O Hyllus! Albeit none saving Critias could do my steeds justice, yet it may be that I can borrow a charioteer."

"At least thou canst try," agreed Hyllus, shrugging his shoulders.

So, leaving him and Jason in charge of the horses, Leonidas went hither and thither, petitioning, until, meeting with no success, he took further counsel, and his hopes revived as he thought of the man who could help him.

"O illustrious Agnon," cried he, having sought out this personage. "Hark now! My charioteer hath been too hurt to drive. I pray you to find me a substitute."

"Now woe is me!" exclaimed Agnon, looking him over. "Now thrice woe is me that thou didst not ask me ten minutes since. How gladly would I have come to thy aid, worthy farmer! But alas! I have just made a loan of my second charioteer, nor do I know of any other available. Yet may the deities reward thy search, my poor fellow." And he turned his back.

The search proved fruitless, as Hyllus had judged from the first. Back came Leonidas, panting. "Tis hopeless!" he sighed. "Canst drive a chariot, O Hyllus?"

"Nay, I would that I could!" deplored Hyllus, exchanging a glance with Critias, who, looking pale and carrying his arm in a sling, had returned while Leonidas had been gone.

The charioteer's pale face hardened. "Nor doth it amaze me," he growled, "that none can be found to drive for you, O Leonidas. For some powerful enemy is secretly working against you."

Leonidas stared.

"Bethink you!" Critias demanded.

"How cometh the fire?"

"Twas the hand of the Furies."

"It may have been," Critias said dryly.

"And it may have been a hand more mortal than theirs."

"Twas the Furies who sent the lightning.

A flash must have struck our pavilion."

"Then right long must it have smouldered, O trustful Leonidas! For the storm had spent itself ere the fire broke out. And—"

But Leonidas broke in urgently.

"Lo! the heralds have already nigh finished their contest." He clapped his hands to attract the attention of Jason.

"Ho, Jason!" he called. "Make speed now! You and I will yoke my milk-whites into the chariot."

Hyllus caught at his tunic and stayed him. "O Leonidas," he brought out uncomfortably, "what profiteth that?"

"It may be the gods will send me a charioteer yet."

But Jason had not stirred. His face twitched. Tottering and sobbing he came to his master. "O master," sobbed he, "it profiteth nothing to yoke them. For the chariot of Critias hath been utterly destroyed." Thus saying, the old servant broke down entirely. "The fire... hath consumed it... O master," he wailed.

"What!" roared Leonidas. "Before the fire, when I went with Critias to the judges to verify my entry, had not I charged thee to remove the chariot from the pavilion in readiness for yoking?"

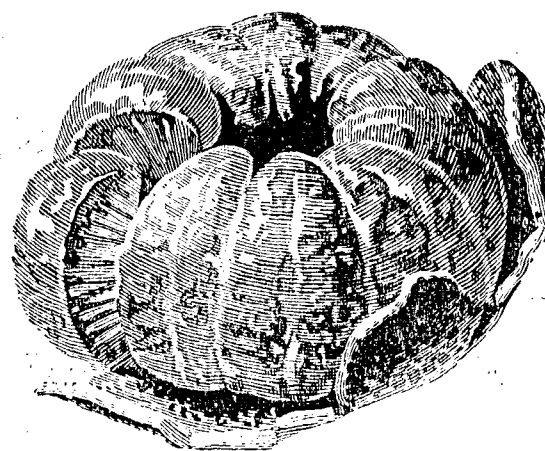
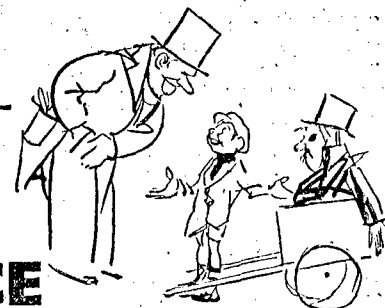
"Mine is the blame, O master," Jason said miserably. "I was about to remove it when the flames burst. Then in the confusion did I forget to apprise thee."

"And all this time," groaned Leonidas, "I had been thinking at least the Furies had left me my beautiful chariot. The chariot which I had been intending for Critias, whether or no he brought back the victory with it. And now naught is left to me! Nothing!" he muttered despairingly.

Continued on the next page

REMEMBER, REMEMBER—

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**PAIN'S
FIREWORKS**

Continued from page 13

"I had brought out the horses' traces and breast-straps," breathed Jason.

"Their traces and breast-straps!" Leonidas echoed with bitterness. "So the Furies have spared me the traces and breast-straps. I thank them!" But his tone was derisive and hard, and burdened with anguish. And on that sudden did the full force of the blow overcome him. "Now fain must we borrow both chariot and charioteer," he uttered in a voice which tore at their hearts. "Both chariot and charioteer," he said over and over.

Then Critias tried to rouse him. "O Leonidas," he said gently, "you must hie at once to the judges to withdraw your entry, or you will have to forfeit the pay."

"I will no more to the judges," the stricken man mumbled. "Let them fine me the forfeit! What matters! I have lost all."

Two others had drawn quietly within earshot. The one whispered to his companion, who was Hippocrates. And as the old man bent to catch Philip's whisper his dimmed eyes began to kindle. And Philip continued to whisper. And when he had finished those kindling eyes shone. Then Hippocrates nodded to Philip and hastened away.

"O Leonidas," Critias insisted, "haste to the judges. Why pay the forfeit when there be time to withdraw."

"Very well, I go," said Leonidas wretchedly. And with drooping head and sad steps he was trailing away when he heard running footsteps behind him, and he turned to see Philip.

"Dear master. 'Tis I, Philip."

"Yea! So!" said Leonidas dully.

"O master, hear me! The judges are all men of Elis—"

"What boots that?" muttered Leonidas in a thick tone.

"Well, it may be that they will take pity on thy misfortune."

"Nay! Have the dread Sisters shown pity!" mumbled Leonidas.

Then Philip dropped his voice lower, urging his master, who came to himself again as the pleading proceeded. "So that when Philip was finally uttering, 'for I alone, master—' Leonidas stopped him with a cry of impatience. "Go thou to the horses. I seek out the judges," he said.

Continued in the last column

JACKO DOES THE TRICK

Cousin Clarence had come to spend a few days with the family. When bedtime came Jacko was told to show his cousin up to his room.

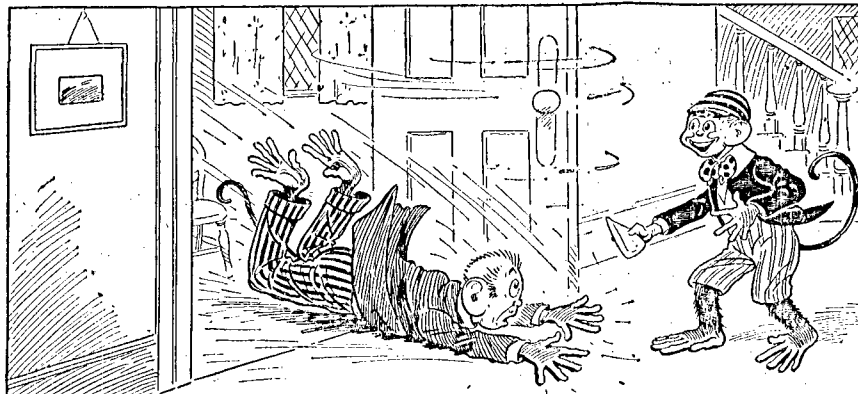
He led the way to the top of the house and opened the door with a kick. "There you are," he said; "there's plenty of mice about, but I don't suppose they'll worry you."

"How beastly!" said Cousin Clarence,

Cousin Clarence slept like a top; but he woke bright and early and thought he'd like to take a stroll in the garden before breakfast. But when he tried to open the door he couldn't move it.

He made such a noise that he woke Jacko up.

"What are you making such a din about?" he asked, as he came slowly across the landing.



The door flew out—and so did Clarence

sniffing round. "I hate mice. Haven't you got any traps?" But Jacko had disappeared, delighted that he'd been able to pull his cousin's leg so easily.

"Hi! Jacko," he called out half an hour later. "What's wrong with this lock? I can't shut the door."

"Bang it," shouted Jacko.

"I have," said Cousin Clarence, "but it comes open again."

"Oh, lor!" grumbled Jacko. "All right," he called out, "I'll fix it." And up he came with a wedge in his hand.

"That's done it," he called out as he pushed it in. Then he went back to bed and was asleep in two ticks.

"Let me out!" cried Cousin Clarence. "What on earth have you done with this door?"

Jacko began to grin. "Hold on," he said, "and when I say Now! shove for all you're worth."

Then he stooped down, put his weight against the door, pulled out the wedge, and stepped back. "Now!" he cried.

Cousin Clarence flung himself at the door. It flew out—and so did the unfortunate Clarence! With a shout he flung up his arms and fell sprawling.

"You little wretch!" he cried, as he picked himself up. "I'll get even with you for this; you see if I don't!"

And, signing to Hyllus and Critias to wait where they were, off strode Leonidas to the tent of the judges, as the contest of the heralds came to its end, and the trumpets began blaring to clear the course for the chariots.

"They will start soon," sighed Critias, whose chagrin was great. And Hyllus returned the sigh deeply.

"The gods have used my good kinsman harshly, O Critias!"

"Yea," said Critias. "And myself as well, Hyllus," he breathed. Yet though his disappointment was keen on his own account, his sorrow for the kindly farmer surpassed it. Then his nostrils quivered like those of a war-horse scenting the battle. "List! List!" he cried out. "The trumpets sound for the parade."

"And hark to the cheering, O Critias!"

For all round the stadium and over the plain there ascended one resonant roar from thousands of throats as the chariots, each with its horses already in yoke, came out on to the course.

As they passed in stately procession their proud charioteers inclined their heads serenely to the plaudits of their admirers. The sleeveless tunic of each was richly embroidered, and floating from their shoulders were light cloaks, worked in their colours, which would stream out like pennants in the wind when the race had begun. Of divers hues, too, and magnificent were their chariots. Here came that of Euryalus, gleaming with gold. And here one whiter than ivory. And here the royal purple of Castor of Thebes. And here the famous sky-blue of Peleus of Argos.

This was followed by a chariot black as the night, with a low-shouldered, heavy-browed charioteer at the reins.

"Lo! the chariot of the illustrious Agnon!" cried many.

As each chariot passed, then turned to line up at the starting point, the excited concourse cheered again and again. "But methought there were ten in the race?" exclaimed one spectator. "Yet I make the count only nine."

"'Tis true," his companion accorded. "The tenth was the chariot of that farmer from Elis whose pavilion Zeus struck with his thunderbolt. The farmer hath withdrawn."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's ATORA

The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make—only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

RECIPE

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour,
then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet
should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted).
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin,
and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over
(sealing up ends by turning them in), damp
edges and pinch together. Bake for about
¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.
Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from
the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes.
Send a postcard for a copy, post free
from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.



**A WORK OF AMAZING INTEREST
WITH MANY MARVELLOUS ILLUSTRATIONS**

WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE

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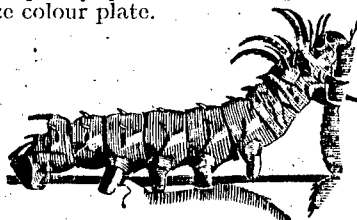
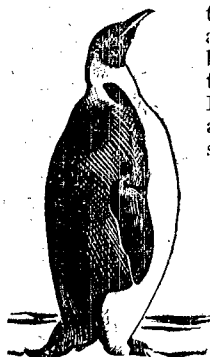


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Famous naturalists, scientists, and popular authors will tell in this new work the fascinating story of the marvels of Nature; the astounding realities and mysterious ways of the thousand and one inhabitants of the animal kingdom. Each part will contain chapters on the life histories, habits and customs of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects. The complete work will present a thrilling panorama of animal life to which you can turn again and again with unfailing interest.

MARVELLOUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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This work will be completed in about fifty Weekly Parts.

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Do You Know?

What an iguana is ?

That crabs climb trees for coconuts ?

Why insects imitate twigs and leaves ?

Which is the elephant's nearest relation ?

That some insects live eighteen years ?

That dragons still exist ?

Which are the fastest moving creatures ? And the slowest ?

That a parrot eats sheep ?

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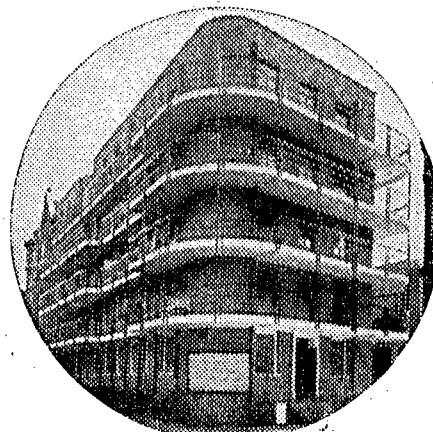
SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION

Full particulars of this Competition, together with the many other interesting features of this year's "Help Yourself" Annual, will be forwarded if you send a postcard, giving your name and address, to:

The Secretary,

**"HELP YOURSELF" SOCIETY,
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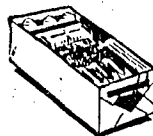
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REMEMBER THERE ARE MANY OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS TOO

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 31, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

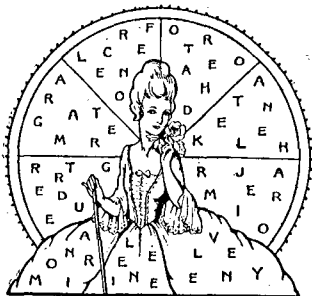
THE BRAN TUB

Charade

A RIVER in England my first,
A measure of land is my third,
My second is nought but a vowel,
And my whole is a medical herb.

Answer next week

Jumbled Names



THE letters in each of the nine sections are jumbled up. When properly sorted out each gives the name of a girl. Can you sort them?

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

FLOCKS of golden plover are now seen; particularly on the coast. At breeding time, in May, the golden plover forsakes its usual haunts among meadows and marshes for the high moorlands, where it lays four eggs of a yellow-buff colour with dark markings, on the ground in a poor sort of nest. It breeds abundantly in Northern England and Scotland and Ireland.

Consolation

FOR five minutes the speaker tried to get a hearing, but the audience would not have him. "I cannot go on with this noise," he shouted. "Why, I cannot hear myself speak."

"You are not missing much, guv'nor," yelled a voice from the audience.

How Chile Got Its Name

WHEN the Spaniards arrived in the South American country which we now call Chile they heard the natives give this name, which means cold, or "land of snow," to a certain cold part of the country, and so they wrongly applied the name to the whole of its vast area.

Curtailed Word

A STRANGER comes from foreign shores,
Perchance to seek relief;
Curtail him, and you find his tale
Unworthy of belief.
Curtail again, you recognise
An old Egyptian chief.

Answer next week

Winter on the Railways

FOG is perhaps the greatest enemy of the railways. To combat delay on the LMS the company have in store 1,250,000 fog detonators to help trains to travel without danger. When fog threatens men are sent to their posts of duty to lay these detonators.

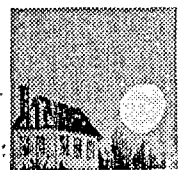
Snow and ice are also a cause of delay, and snow ploughs and many tons of anti-freezing salt are ready for use.

A Long Shadow

A SHADOW that extends over 200 miles across land and sea is thrown at sunrise and sunset by a mountain on Tenerife Island. It is made by the 12,200 feet high El Piton.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn in the South, and Uranus in the South-East. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Monday, November 2.



The Date Palm Pollen

LIFE in the Sahara relies to a great extent on the date palm. To avoid any tree being left unfertilised the owners of these trees buy pollen at the markets and carry it from tree to tree, thus ensuring a supply of dates.

Puzzle Word

THERE is a noun of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber,
But add to it the letter "s,"
And, wondrous metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Answer next week

Hidden Towns

IN each of these sentences the name of a town is hidden. What are the five towns given?

This pony is sleek and fat. Understand this well, either you improve or I shall ask you to go. Cast your eye over this page. You had better put some lint on that wound. He went to bed for days together.

Answer next week

Let on Parle Français



Le panier basket La cuisinière cook La mûre blackberry

La cuisinière a donné à Elsie un petit panier. Elle part cueillir des mûres.

Cook has given Elsie a little basket. She is off to gather blackberries.

A Quick Cross Word

HERE is an amusing little cross word puzzle to try on your friends.

Rule up a square and divide it into 16 smaller squares so that you have accommodation for the answers to four clues across and four down. Here are the clues.

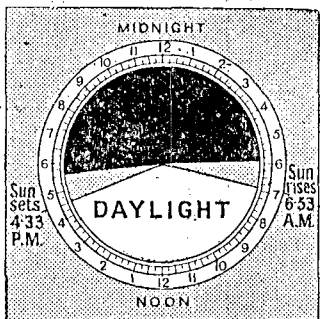
Across. Insects. Is in debt. Measures of length. To annoy.

Down. Elizabethan weapon. To swallow quickly. To flee. A kind of bar.

Here is the answer:

BBBB
OOOO
LLLL
TTTT

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 31. The daylight is now getting shorter each day.

Five-Minute Story

Stanley's Penny

THE house next door was let at last.

"Run and ask our new neighbour if you can do any errands for him," said Mrs Wilkins to her son Stanley. "Tell him I have a kettle of water boiling if he would like to make tea."

Stanley was very willing to pay the first call on the newcomer. He tapped at the open door, and the man who stood by the sitting-room mantelpiece turned and smiled.

"Come in!" he said.

"Are you my neighbour?"

"Yes," said Stanley. "Mother has some boiling water ready, and she wants to know if I can do any errands for you."

"Thanks very much!" answered the man. "My groceries have come, but I should very much like an evening paper."

He hunted through his pocket, and produced a shilling.

"My last penny has been used to help the clock to stand level. It refused to go until I had raised one end by slipping a penny underneath," he explained. "I believe you think that is a waste of good money," he added, smiling.

"I've got an old penny that would do quite as well for the clock," said Stanley. "It's no use to me—I can't spend it, or even make out the marks on it. It isn't a real penny." He handed it to his new friend as he spoke.

"Where did you find this?"

"On the downs, near a rabbit hole. I shouldn't have noticed it, but there were little bits of blue stone lying near, and I went to look at them."

"Will you take me there tomorrow?" asked his friend eagerly. "This is a Roman coin, and your bits of blue stone must be fragments of a tessellated pavement. We may make some very interesting discoveries at the site."

Stanley's eyes shone.

"That sounds exciting," he said, and he gladly promised to show where he had found the coin.

It now lies, with other coins and some fragments of pottery, in a glass case at the local museum.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Beheaded Word. Swing, wing, gin.

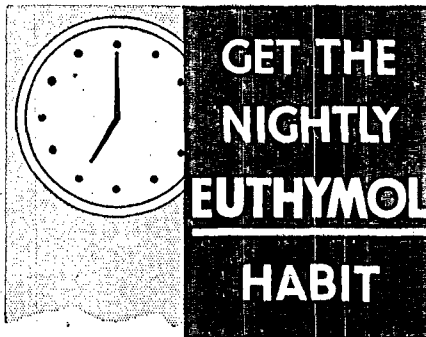
Transposition. Satin, stain.

Charade. Sea-son.

Hidden Seaside Resorts. Lowestoft, Bude, Seaton, Hythe, Redcar, Rhyl, Dawlish. Puzzle Word. Dozens, dozen.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

PLAYFUL PREPARE
E MOON A OMEN A
SO NEIGHBOUR DR
ORE TRAIT AWL
PLEASE TSETSE
PILOT EST AISLE
AN NEEDED EARN LA
NESS MYRRH EAST



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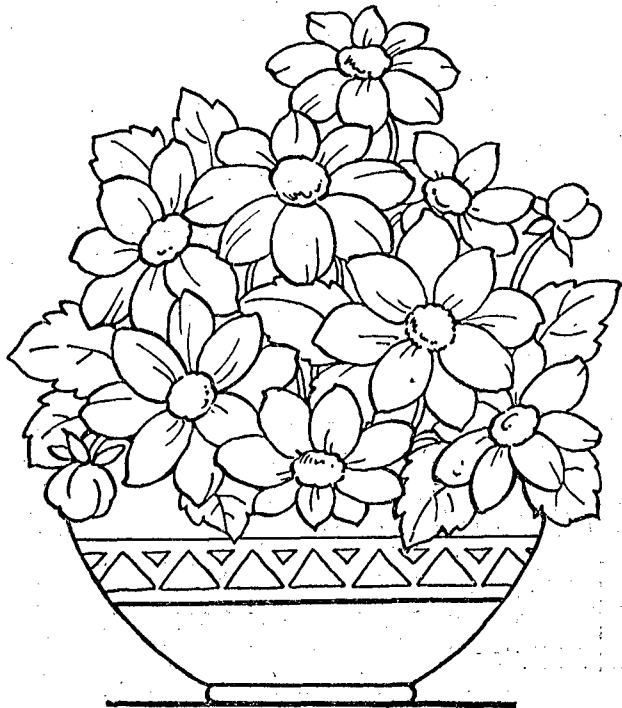
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CN PAINTING COMPETITION

Two Prizes of Ten Shillings and Twelve Multiscopes For Clever Young Artists



FOR the best attempts to colour this picture of a bowl of dahlias the Editor of the CN offers two prizes of Ten Shillings each and Twelve Multiscopes. The Multiscope is a splendid scientific toy which will project on to a ceiling or other light surface a large image of a photograph or a coloured cigarette card. It may also be used as a magnifier. Each Multiscope is complete with battery and bulb.

The competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under and paints or crayons may be used. Age will be considered in judging. All attempts must be sent on post-cards, so before you colour your picture paste it securely on a post-card and allow the paste to dry.

Add your name, address, and age and post your attempt to CN Competition No. 12, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, November 6.

There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.